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ON THE COVER Adele photographed in London on October 6th, 2015, by **Theo Wenner**.

Styling by Gaelle Paul. Hair by Kerry Warn. Makeup by Liz Pugh. Nails by Jenny Longworth.

"When B.B. King passed away, I kind of woke up and said, 'I'm the last one here,'" says Buddy Guy. Page 44

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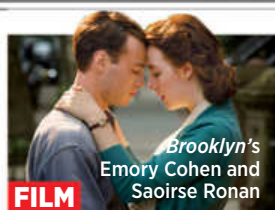
HOW TO STAY SANE DURING THE REPUBLICAN DEBATES

Feeling confused and alone? Check in with ROLLING STONE political correspondents Matt Taibbi and Jeb Lund for crucial perspective on the campaign trail – and live tweets during both parties' debates in November.



WHO'S BEHIND ONE DIRECTION?

Meet Julian Bunetta, the songwriter responsible for the biggest One Direction hits and the new *Made in the A.M.*



THE NEW NICK HORNBY

With his new film, *Brooklyn*, the *High Fidelity* author is reinventing himself as a Hollywood screenwriter.



THE COMPLETE NEKO CASE

To celebrate her first-ever box set, the former New Pornographer sits down for a career-spanning interview.

360 DEGREES OF COUNTRY!

Come to Rolling Stone Country for daily news, video and reviews on Nashville and beyond. Hot country It girl Cam appears on our video series "The Ram Report" to talk about her new *Untamed* album, the tough task of standing out as a woman on country radio, and her new bond with Reese Witherspoon. Powered by Ram.

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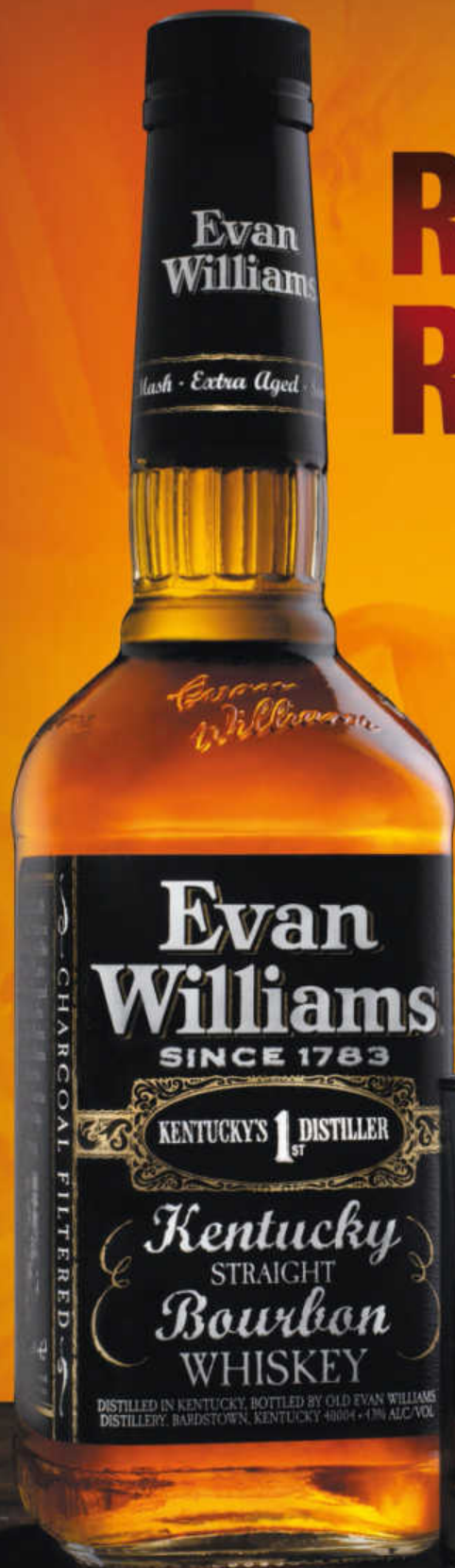
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Love Letters & Advice



Richards Reboot

A GREAT, INSIGHTFUL ARTICLE on Keith Richards ["It Ain't Easy Being Keith," RS 1246]. Is it possible the queen chose to bestow knighthood upon the wrong Rolling Stone? Rock on, Keith. I grew up on your music, and it only improves.

*Penny Zimmerman
Via the Internet*

I WAS SMILING WHEN I SAW Keith Richards' face, but I hadn't expected how engaging the story would be. It's nice to find that one of the old guard is so rooted in the now. He may have put a few people off by suggesting Paul McCartney's nostalgia trips don't have that "push," but Keith still has it.

Mike Bado, St. Charles, IL

I LOVE THE STONES, BUT I'M not sure why Keith claims that Mick Jagger is the best blues harp player he's heard – up there with Little Walter. Mick's no virtuoso.

David Baron, Bayside, NY

AH, A NEW ISSUE WITH Keith on the cover. First thing we did after looking at the photos was roll a joint on it. I know Keith would be proud.

Mitch Litwin, Montreal

KEITH RICHARDS LIVES IN Connecticut? I thought he lived on Mount Olympus.

Jeff Gilbert, Seattle

The Radicals Revolt

IN RS 1246, Tim Dickinson wrote about the House Freedom Caucus, far-right Republicans who toppled John Boehner and whose draconian vision GOP leaders are scrambling to embrace ["There Will Be Blood"]. ROLLING STONE readers responded.

AS A REPUBLICAN SUBSCRIBER, I feel uniquely qualified to comment on the effect the Freedom Caucus has had on my party. Their continued "no compromise" will put Hillary Clinton in the White House, but they don't care. They wrap themselves in the flag of Reagan, but forget the immigration reform he championed and his support of gun control via the Brady Bill. Reagan knew when to compromise and kept his criticism of other Republicans to himself, something this group can't seem to do.

*Mike Jones
Texarkana, TX*

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE Freedom Caucus wouldn't recognize a true conservative if they were hit over the head with the collected works of Milton Friedman. The day they demand an end to socialist agriculture subsidies is the day they become authentic conservatives.

*L.G. Picton
Manson, WA*

DICKINSON'S STORY TOOK me back to my Eighties punk days. What a joy to read about an anti-establishment political contingent that might actually do radical things like force the GOP to



adhere to the constitutional limitations on government and fiscal responsibility they claim to champion.

Jon Kniskern, Cincinnati

THE PIECE PRESENTS THE Freedom Caucus as ideologues instead of as the self-serving, money-grubbing bores they really are. They promote the fear-based philosophy that keeps them from getting re-elected. Against big government, huh? They are big government.

*Kathy Adams
Salt Lake City*

Nationalist Bikers

DAMON TABOR'S ARTICLE ON Russian motorcycle gangs really intrigued me ["Putin's Angels," RS 1246] – especially sections detailing their leader's hatred of homosexuals (and gay marriage, I'm sure), liberals and traitorous "fifth columnists"; his efforts to shut down any opposition; as well as pushing his religion on people and rewriting history with some of

his events. Sounds a lot like the Republican Party in America. And the conservatives here call us liberals "Commies."

John Thomas, Springfield, MO

LIKE VLADIMIR PUTIN, THE Surgeon is, above all, a careerist, a man who recognizes the power of spectacle and political theater. That he's negatively impacting real lives is irrelevant.

Cesar Diaz, via the Internet

ALMOST 20 YEARS AGO, I read about the Night Wolves in *Easyriders* magazine. They had to lay low and import their bikes piece by piece. Now they're embraced by the establishment? Amazing.

Mel Weber, Indianapolis

Costello's Picks

WHAT A FANTASTIC REINTRODUCTION to Elvis Costello ["My Life in 10 Songs," RS 1246]. I was in my late teens when he released his first two records and I got locked into his early genius. Looks like it's time to start living and learning through more of his music.

Glenn Gragg, Santa Cruz, CA

Viva Joanna

MY HAIR STANDS ON END whenever I hear Joanna Newsom sing ["Visions of Joanna," RS 1246]. Jonah Weiner really captured Newsom's beguiling otherworldliness.

Ada Worth, via the Internet

Covering '1989'

TAYLOR SWIFT CAN MEND all broken hearts, including Ryan Adams' [Rock & Roll, RS 1246]. How cool that 1989 has been a hit for him, too.

Meghan King, via the Internet

Love and Blur

HILARIOUS INTERVIEW with Damon Albarn [Q&A, RS 1246]. That Albarn can't stand performing with Blur, but can't stop, kills me. True love.

Keith Baumann, via the Internet

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The Playlist

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



1. Weezer "Thank God for Girls"

With a huge head-banger's-ball chorus straight outta '94, plus some seriously bizarre lyrics about sex, Jesus, dragons and cannoli, this is a song that only Rivers Cuomo could have written – and we love it.

4. Kanye West "Say You Will"

Where's the album, Yeezy? Here's something to listen to while you wait: his moody new arrangement of one of the best songs from 2008's influential *808s & Heartbreak*, recorded with violinist Caroline Shaw.



5. Methyl Ethel "Twilight Driving"

This Perth trio sound like their Aussie pals Tame Impala with some flashy T. Rex flair and just a touch of Floyd. We're digging their LP – especially this spacey glam-rock jam about, no joke, dodging kangaroos on the road.

6. Taylor Swift "Out of the Woods"

If anyone out there still doubts that Swift is a hell of a songwriter, they should check out this new solo acoustic piano recording. It was one of the best songs on *1989*, and it shines even brighter this way.



7. Chance the Rapper feat. Saba "Angels"

Chicago's rising son took a left turn into jazz and neosoul with *Surf*, his 2015 album with his band the Social Experiment. On this single, he gets back to what he does best: warm, joyful, free hip-hop. It's a beautiful thing.



MY LIST



Nile Rodgers Five Crucial Inspirations

The guitarist and producer is hard at work on a new Chic album, which he calls "the most self-indulgent thing I've ever done" – but he took time to tell us about five songs that changed his life.

Elvis Presley

"Blue Suede Shoes"

My grandmother gave me a pair of blue suede shoes and told me, "Dance for the family!" I liked the song. I *loved* the shoes.

The Doors

"The End"

It starts out like a fugue, then the tempo goes out of control. I remember taking acid with Dr. Timothy Leary, and this song was all I kept hearing.

The Beatles

"A Day in the Life"

The song goes on a journey. The composition felt challenging and rewarding. I practiced it on guitar until it sounded perfect.

Jimi Hendrix

"Castles Made of Sand"

This is the first time I remember hearing backward guitar. I tried to play it: "Whoa, what the hell is that?"

Miles Davis

"Bitches Brew"

I know now that it was put together with edits, which is unbelievable. It's so seamless. They called it "new directions in jazz," but it was "new directions in everything."

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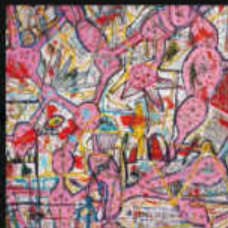
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Rock & Roll

Phil Collins' Unlikely Return

Inside the singer's dark days and plans for a comeback

BY ANDY GREENE

SITTING ON A COUCH IN THE master bedroom of his new \$33 million Miami Beach mansion, Phil Collins doesn't look like a man gearing up for a huge comeback. The 64-year-old just had surgery to repair nerves in his back, and even sitting up is a monumental challenge. His voice is soft and groggy – that is, until conversation turns to his future plans.

"I'm no longer officially retired," he says, growing animated. "The horse is out of the [Cont. on 16]"

TAKE A GOOD LOOK
Collins onstage in London, 2010.

IAN GAVAN/GETTY IMAGES

PHIL COLLINS

[Cont. from 15] stable, and I'm raring to go." Collins hasn't played live since 2010 – and hasn't recorded in more than a decade. "My kids are 10 and 14, and they want to see what their dad does," he says. "They were in nappies when I was last on the road."

Last year, Collins secretly reconvened his solo band, with Jason Bonham on drums, for a three-week rehearsal. His



NO JACKET REQUIRED Collins with his sons Matthew (left) and Nicholas at Madison Square Garden in January.

manager is laying early groundwork for a tour, though exact plans are still up in the air. Collins suffered major nerve damage to his hands while drumming on the 2007 Genesis reunion tour, but he's hopeful his back operation will restore his skills. "After surgery, the doctor said to me that my vital signs were all there," he says. "He said, 'If you want to play drums again, all you have to do is practice.'"

Even as Collins is barely able to stand, he's having a new studio set up on the ground floor of his house, where he hopes to cut a new album. "No matter what happens," he says, "I can still play piano and sing. I'll settle for the parts of me I can possibly do."

Collins is returning at a time when his musical legacy is stronger than ever, perhaps surprisingly. In the 1980s, Collins was derided by rock critics as the epitome of soft-rock cheese, but since he retreated from the spotlight, he's gained new respect. "In the Air Tonight" is widely hailed as a masterpiece and a pop-culture touchstone (Mike Tyson sang along to it in *The Hangover*; Stephen Curry of the Golden State Warriors sang to it in a viral video). Even Adele reached out to him about possibly co-writing songs for her new album.

His last album of new material was 2002's *Testify*, and in 2011, he announced

his retirement from public life, opting to focus on his children and his favorite hobby, collecting Alamo artifacts. "I sometimes think, 'I'm going to write this Phil Collins character out of the story,'" he told *ROLLING STONE* that year. "Phil Collins will just disappear or be murdered in some hotel bedroom, and people will say, 'What happened to Phil?' The answer will be, 'He got murdered, but, yeah, anyway, let's carry on.'"

His retirement plan took a severe blow, however, when his ex-wife moved with their two young sons to Miami, far from his main home near Geneva, Switzerland. "It left me with a lot of time on my hands to think about what happened," he says. "I went through a few bits of darkness, drinking too much." He ultimately drank to the point where he developed pancreatitis, and even tried rehab for a week before realizing it wasn't for him. "I killed my hours watching TV and drinking, and it almost killed me," he says. "But I haven't had a drink in three years."

After sobering up, Collins bought the 12,000-square-foot Miami Beach home (former owner: Jennifer Lopez) this summer, right down the road from Barry Gibb, and began seeing his boys nearly every day. He even set up a soundproof room where 14-year-old Nicholas could practice with his band.

Things seemed perfect until Collins woke one morning and discovered that he couldn't move his right foot. "I had an MRI, and my back and hips were just shot," he says. "The doctor had to go in there, work on the sciatic nerve and take my back apart and unscramble the mess."

For now, Collins is focused on deluxe editions of his solo albums, which hit shelves January 29th. They're packed with demos, outtakes and alternate versions of songs from throughout his career. "I got very involved in these reissues," he says. "We even re-shot all the covers, which was my idea. I'm easily flattered. If people rediscover the old stuff and show interest, it would be silly to not make more music."

News of Collins' return is likely to excite Genesis fans, but he's noncommittal about the idea of another reunion of the band. "Let's start with this [solo] bit first," he says. "I love the guys. I would just prefer to do this first. For now, let's just see how this goes."

Revolution on Film: The Beatles' Huge New Video Collection

"The Beatles were the forerunners of the music video," says Michael Lindsay-Hogg, who directed many of their videos. "They made them because they didn't want to schlep around to the TV stations miming their songs. They were so powerful, the TV stations would take their product rather than not have them at all." The new deluxe 1+ DVD/Blu-ray collection is a treasure of Beatles footage from every phase of their career – promo videos, TV appearances and loads of rare clips, plus previously unreleased footage and new commentary from Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr. Here are four of the fabbest moments.



'I Feel Fine' 1965

The Beatles trooped into Twickenham Film Studios on November 23rd, 1965, to grind out five quickie promo videos. They took a lunch break for "I Feel Fine" – and instead of miming with their guitars, they munched fish and chips. Manager Brian Epstein nixed the footage – he was horrified that the world would see the boys eating with greasy fingers.

'We Can Work It Out' 1965

The bandmates play it all straight, until John Lennon sets out to make McCartney crack up. By the end, Lennon's playing the organ with his feet.

'Penny Lane' 1967

The psychedelic video with the lads on horseback – with priceless DVD commentary. "My big memory of that shoot is all of us saying, 'Where's Ringo?'" McCartney says. "'That's him, disappearing over the horizon on that galloping white horse!'"

'Hey Bulldog' 1968

The film crew went to Abbey Road to shoot a video for "Lady Madonna" – but the Beatles didn't feel like lip-syncing, because they were absorbed in cutting a new song. Result: astounding footage of the band at work. Lennon and McCartney share a mic, ad-libbing demented barks and howls.

ROB SHEFFIELD

FROM LEFT: JAMES DEVANEY/GC IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES; © APPLE CORPS LTD.



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R. Kelly



R. Kelly Tries Everything on 'The Buffet'

Country, blues and a duet with an estranged daughter – it's all there on Kelly's most adventurous album ever

I AM MUSIC AND I WANT PEOPLE TO know me as music," says R. Kelly. "Not some R&B guy." Bearded and nursing a cigar, the 48-year-old singer-songwriter-producer is at New York's Jungle City Studios one September night, spinning tracks from his upcoming 13th album, *The Buffet* (due in December). Kelly pared down more than 450 songs for the release, which is his most ambitious ever – full of twists on modern hip-hop, sexy Chicago stepping music, street-corner doo-wop, fiery blues rock and, most surprisingly, a country song, "Barely Breathing." "I love country music," says Kelly. "Because country music tells stories, and I tell stories."

Kelly recorded most of *The Buffet* at his Sylvester studio in Chicago over the past two years, occasionally falling asleep in his chair during marathon sessions, then waking up and starting again. When he wasn't going country, Kelly focused on creating new sounds that fit modern hip-hop radio, including Future-style rap gargles and watery alt-R&B. Kelly even tries exuberant ad-libs that sound like young Atlanta-rap hitmakers Migos. "Music changes, and you get in line or you get left behind," he says. "I'm really intrigued with the way rappers today have totally flipped the rap game with the flow. I

like challenging myself and seeing if I can do that."

The emotional apex of *The Buffet* is "Be There," a duet with his once-estranged teenage daughter, a budding singer-songwriter who goes by Ariiraye'. Kelly hadn't seen her in three years when they had a chance run-in at a mall. After texting back and forth, he invited her to the studio. "She's very, very talented," he says. "She's just like me, man. She can really write. And it's scary. When she was in the studio, I taught her a lot. I showed her a few shortcuts on how to get through the song and how to get it done, and she loved all of that." Despite the rapport, it took some convincing to get Ariiraye' to appear on "Be There." "It was emotional for both of us," says Kelly. "At first, she was a little uncomfortable, but I told her how she could touch the hearts of a lot of girls out there that haven't seen their fathers."

The *Buffet* sessions were so productive they yielded seven country numbers and 17 songs that could one day turn into a blues album. "I just stay in tune," says Kelly, who has worked on recent hits for Justin Bieber and Lady Gaga. "It's like a piano that's been around for 30, 40 years. If you continue to tune it, it will continue to sound as fresh as any brand-new piano."

CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

Bonnie Raitt's Most Personal Album in Years

Raitt digs deep, gets noisy with her longtime band on her first album since 2012

Bonnie Raitt's new studio album, *Dig in Deep*, won't be out until February, but the singer-guitarist has already received her first rave review. "I got an e-mail from Jackson," Raitt says, meaning her friend Jackson Browne. "He said, 'I love the way you use the band as a band. It really sounds cohesive.'"

The LP title comes from a line in the opening stomp, "Unintended Consequence of Love." It is also Raitt's allusion to how she and her longtime studio-and-road band – guitarist George Marinelli, bassist James Hutchinson and drummer Ricky Fataar, with recent recruit Mike Finnigan on keyboards – "have become a unit that can dig deeper," she says, "into the grooves." Two covers come from the Eighties, freshened with blues-rock swagger and Raitt's torrid slide guitar: INXS' "Need You Tonight" and Los Lobos' "Shakin' "



Raitt

Shakin' Shakes." "We make a lot of noise for four people and me," Raitt, 66, notes proudly.

Dig in Deep is her most personal record in years, with Raitt's highest tally of original songs since 1998's *Fundamental*. "I had a lot of loss," Raitt says, referring to the passing of her mother, Marjorie; father, John; and brother Steve, between 2004 and 2009. She points to the resurgent energy in the gospel-influenced "What You're Doin' to Me." "We all get shuttered down by life," she says. "And sometimes people blast the door open and pull you out."

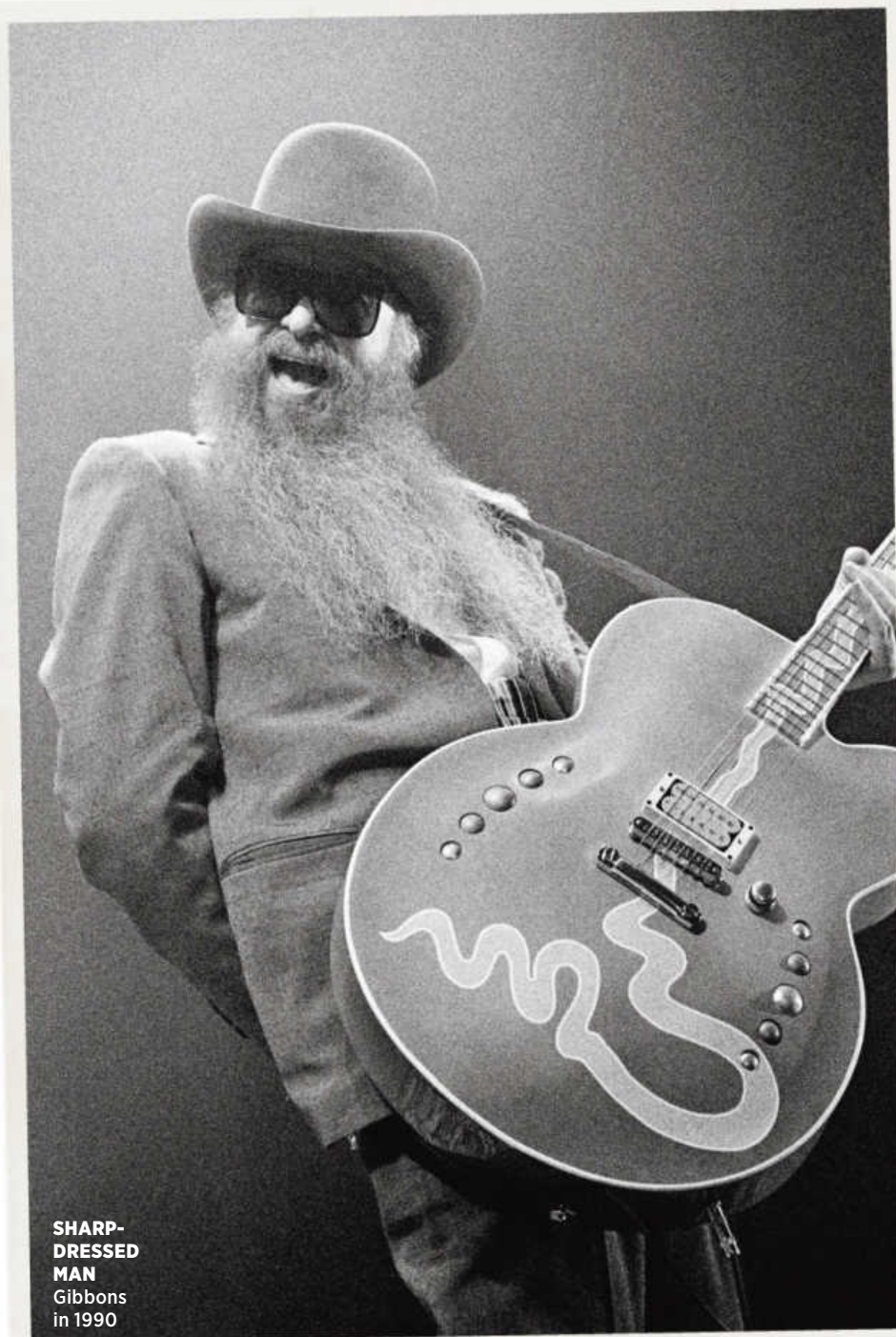
DAVID FRICKE

BOTTOM: JASON FARRELL

Billy Gibbons

ZZ Top's guitarist on how the Stones, Devo and a backwoods cathouse inspired some supercharged Texas-blues classics

BY DAVID FRICKE



SHARP-DRESSED MAN
Gibbons
in 1990

© JAY BLAKESBERG

SINGER-GUITARIST Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top can remember exactly when his life in music truly began: Christmas Day 1962. He was 13 and “the first guitar landed in my lap,” Gibbons says, a fond smile breaking through his trademark beard. “It was a Gibson Melody Maker, single pickup. I took off to the bedroom and figured out the intro to ‘What’d I Say,’ by Ray Charles. Then I stumbled into a Jimmy Reed thing.” He hums one of the legendary bluesman’s signature licks. “He was the good-luck charm. I’d play Jimmy Reed going to sleep at night – and in the morning.”

At 65, Gibbons – born in a Houston suburb, the son of a pianist-conductor – has played the blues for more than half a century, across 15 ZZ Top albums with bassist Dusty Hill and drummer Frank Beard, including the 1983 10-million-selling smash *Eliminator*. That record, with its synthesized riffs and modernist grooves, reflected the long-standing adventure in Gibbons’ devotion to the blues, from his teenage psychedelic band the Moving Sidewalks up to his new solo debut, *Perfectamundo*, a peppery Afro-Cuban twist on his roots. “We don’t posture ourselves as anything other than interpreters,” Gibbons says of ZZ Top. He also notes something the late producer Jim Dickinson told him after the band made *Eliminator*: “He said, ‘You have taken blues to a very surreal plane. And it still holds the tradition.’”

99th Floor (Moving Sidewalks song)

Non-album single 1967

Nobody could escape the British Invasion. “99th Floor” was part Beatles and part Rolling Stones. The triplet drumbeat came off

“You had this explosion of Southern rock. Texas was different – Southern enough but off to the side. We were extolling the virtues of our proximity to Mexico and that gunslinger mentality.”

“Taxman”; the chord change was from a Rolling Stones single. The 13th Floor Elevators were a band from Austin – we started drifting into what they were doing: psychedelic sounds. The idea for “99th Floor” was, if the Elevators were going up, I was going further.

**Red House
(Jimi Hendrix song)**

Are You Experienced 1967

A buddy said, “There’s a song that you oughta hear.” He was talking about “Red House,” by Jimi Hendrix, and that completely turned us upside down. It was blues taken beyond. Then the Sidewalks got hired to join the Experience tour in 1968. We didn’t have enough material for 45 minutes, so we started doing “Purple Haze.” I looked over and Hendrix was in the wings, wide-eyed, grinning. We had seen his showman antics from older blues guitarists. But he had a vision and aura. I remember him tiptoeing across the hall at the hotel: “Come in here. Do you know how this is done?” He was learning chops off Jeff Beck’s first record, *Truth*.

Just Got Paid

Rio Grande Mud 1972

This was inspired by Peter Green’s opening figure in [Fleetwood Mac’s] “Oh Well.” I was living in Los Angeles, sitting on the steps of this apartment. It was raining and I couldn’t go anywhere, so I was trying to learn this figure. It got all tangled up. And it stayed tangled.

La Grange *Tres Hombres* 1973

You had this explosion of Southern rock. But Texas was different – Southern enough but off to the side. We were extolling the virtues of our proximity to Mexico and that gunslinger mentality. “La Grange” was one of the rites of passage for a young man. It was a cathouse, way back in the woods. The simplicity of that song was part of the magic – only two chords. And the break coming out of the solo – those notes are straight Robert



TRES HOMBRES
Above: Gibbons (right) and ZZ Top, 1983. Below: Gibbons (second from right) and the Moving Sidewalks with Hendrix, 1968.

Johnson. He did it as a shuffle. I just dissected the notes.

Jesus Just Left Chicago

Tres Hombres 1973

There was a buddy of mine when we were teenagers – everybody called him R&B Jr. He had all these colloquialisms. He blurted out “Jesus just left Chicago” during a phone conversation and it just stuck. We took what could have been an easy 12-bar blues and made it more interest-

ing by adding those odd extra measures. It’s the same chords as “La Grange” with the Robert Johnson lick, but weirder. Robert Johnson was country blues – not that shiny hot-rod electric stuff. But there was a magnetic appeal: “What can we take and interpret in some way?”

Heard It on the X

Fandango! 1975

Those border stations from Mexico would come in like a police call. XERF could be picked up in Hawaii, parts of Western Europe. It was fascinating to hear all of that blues and R&B on the radio. And Wolfman Jack, who was on XERF – man, he made the stuff out of control.

“Heard It on the X” was a celebration, acknowledging that influence. To this day, Frank, Dusty and I share the same influences. It’s in the first line: “Do you remember back in 1966?/Country, Jesus, hill-billy, blues/That’s where I learned my licks.” What you were hearing was indelible.

Tush *Fandango!* 1975

We were in Florence, Alabama, playing in a rodeo arena with a dirt floor. We decided to play a bit in the afternoon. I hit that opening lick, and Dave Blayney, our lighting director, gave us the hand [*twirls a finger in the air*]: “Keep it going.” I leaned over to Dusty and said, “Call it ‘Tush.’”

[The Texas singer] Roy Head had a flip side in 1966, “Tush Hog.” Down South, the word meant deluxe, plush.

And a tush hog was very deluxe. We had the riff going, Dusty fell in with the vocal, and we wrote it in three minutes. We had the advantage of that dual meaning of the word “tush” [*grins*]. It’s that secret blues language – saying it without saying it.

I Thank You *Degüello* 1979

I remember hearing the Sam and Dave single on the radio in Houston; I was turning the corner onto the Gulf Freeway, going to my grandmother’s house. Shortly thereafter-

“The B-52s had that song ‘Party Out of Bounds.’ ‘Party on the Patio’ was an extension of that. The punks in New York dug it. It proved we had this New Wave edge.”

ter, we were off to Memphis to record. I got to the studio and said, “Man, I heard that Sam and Dave song. I’d forgotten how good it was. It’s that keyboard part.” Lo and behold, the very clavinet used on their recording was in the studio. We fired it up, and it was ready to go. There was no way we were going to do Sam and Dave exact. But if you’re going to take a shot, make it a good one. That album was our first for Warner Bros., and they were doing such a good job. The song was our message – not only to the fans and friends but to the label guys.

Manic Mechanic *Degüello* 1979

As a kid, I’d stand on the front seat of my parents’ car, watching cars coming in the opposite direction. And I could name ‘em all. My dad bought a Dodge Dart – an entry-level, economy-priced car. It had no radio. The only amenity was a heater – talk about miserable, driving in that during those Texas summers. The sound you hear on the intro is that 1964 Dart.

I still have that car. It would not die. I do very little mechanic work, but I was at a speed shop in Pomona, California. The head honcho saw me with a wrench, going under a car, and said, “God, get out of there. That exhaust system is hot, and that beard is like a bale of hay.” But I love those crazy automobiles.

Groovy Little Hippie Pad

El Loco 1981

I saw Devo doing a soundcheck at a Houston club, a country & western bar, of all places. I had heard their first album and kind of dug it. One of the guys in the band was playing a Minimoog, and he did this figure on it [*hums a bouncy robotlike riff*]. He was just noodling around. But it was enough.

What came out of that was “Groovy Little Hippie Pad” – same figure. It was a direct derivative of punk. Devo was a big influence on that album – and the B-52s as well. They had that song “Party Out of Bounds.” Our song “Party on the Patio” was an extension of that. [The critic] Lester Bangs played it for some punks in New York, and they dug it. It proved we weren’t just a boogie band. We had this New Wave edge.

Gimme All Your Lovin’

Eliminator 1983

We had dabbled with the synthesizer, and then all this gear was showing up from

manufacturers. We threw caution to the winds. This was one of the first tracks that started unfolding.

That video was the big car connection. I started that project, building the Eliminator [ZZ Top’s customized 1930s Ford Coupe], in 1976. We were shooting in California, but I still owed the builder \$150,000. I went to the accountant: “It’s on the album cover. Can I get a write-off?”



TEXAS TORNADO

Gibbons onstage last year. “We don’t posture ourselves as anything other than [blues] interpreters,” he says of ZZ Top.

“Yeah, you’re promoting your business.” I scared up the dough and paid it off.

Sharp Dressed Man *Eliminator* 1983

I went to see a film. The credits were rolling, and one of the players was described as “Sharp Eyed Man.” That started it. The track had this heavyweight bass line from a synthesizer. You know who was poppin’ at this time? Depeche Mode. I went to see them one night, and it was a mind-bender. No guitars, no drums. It was all coming from the machines. But they had blues threads going through their stuff. I went backstage; I had to meet these guys. They were surprised – “What brings you here?” I said, “Man, the heaviness.” We became

friends. Martin Gore was a guitar player trapped behind the synthesizers. He was like, “Man, let’s talk guitar.”

My Head’s in Mississippi

Recycler 1990

My buddy Walter Baldwin spoke in the most poetic way. Every sentence was a visual awakening. His dad was the editor of the *Houston Post*. We grew up in a neighborhood where the last thing you would say is, “These teenagers know what blues is.” But our appreciation dragged us in.

Years later, we were sitting in a tavern in Memphis called Sleep Out Louie’s – you could see the Mississippi River. Walter said, “We didn’t grow up pickin’ cotton. We weren’t field hands in Mississippi. But my head’s there.” Our platform, in ZZ Top, was we’d be the Salvador Dalí of the Delta. It was a surrealist take. This song was not a big radio hit. But we still play it live, even if it’s just the opening bit.

I Gotsta Get Paid

La Futura 2012

I heard “25 Lighters” [a 1998 Houston rap single by DJ DMD, Lil’ Keke and Fat Pat] when it came out. It was so peculiar I couldn’t forget about it. We were in the studio and [co-producer] Rick Rubin called up: “We need one more song.” Our engineer Gary Moon was in the other room, watching Lightnin’ Hopkins on YouTube. An earful of that prompted me to blurt out “25 Lighters.” Gary said, “I engineered that.” Isn’t that ironic?

We put the two [sounds] together for “I Gotsta Get Paid.” It was legit ghetto. Hip-hop is the cry of angst that propelled the blues. If blues is the highest of highs, lowest of lows and all points in between, what comes out runs right through hip-hop.

Treat Her Right (Gibbons solo song)

Perfectamundo 2015

The tune had a Texas legitimacy. The Roy Head single came out of Houston. And it was not about girls. It was about heroin. That a hit like that got through in 1965 – that’s as blues as you can get, saying it without saying it.

The Afro-Cuban thing – it seemed to make sense there. The song goes so far back that most people like this because of the feel rather than “What an interesting twist on that old song.” But there is that constant presence: Texas. It’s this thing that helps make everything cool. 

Phillips (left) with Elvis and journalist Leo Soroka, 1956

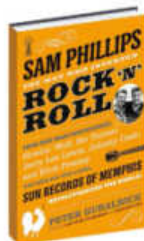


The Rock Prophet

A definitive bio of Sam Phillips, who discovered Elvis and saw rock & roll as an American religion

NO SINGLE PERSON “INVENTED” rock & roll. But it’s hard to imagine how it could’ve happened without Sun Records visionary Sam Phillips. Peter Guralnick’s rigorously researched *Sam Phillips: The Man Who Invented Rock ‘n’ Roll* tells the story of a Southern white businessman who enabled the careers of epochal artists, black and white – including Elvis Presley, B.B. King, Johnny Cash, Howlin’ Wolf, Ike Turner, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins.

This definitive work maintains the high standard of Guralnick’s other books, among them the groundbreaking 1979 country, rock and blues study *Lost Highway*; his 1986 *Sweet Soul Music*; and the doorstep double-volume Elvis bio, *Last Train to Memphis* and *Careless Love*. With Presley’s story at its core, *Sam Phillips* is in some ways the latter’s third volume. What makes it more illuminating, and arguably truer, is seeing Elvis in the broader context of Phillips’ career. Before founding Sun Records, Phillips produced “Rocket 88” – what many consider the first rock & roll record – with young guitarist Ike Turner and his Kings of Rhythm band, who Phillips connected with through a tip from Riley (soon-to-be-B.B.) King, another Phillips discovery. Both acts slipped through Phillips’ fingers, as did Howlin’ Wolf, who Phillips considered “the



greatest talent, the most profound artist” he ever met, Presley included. Guralnick chronicles the rise of “race music” stations in the Deep South, a world in which Phillips was also deeply involved. In many ways, his entire career was a mission to transcend and transform his nation’s heritage of bigotry.

Guralnick interviewed Phillips many times over decades, and even when the book’s music-business particulars drag, Phillips’ street-corner preacher’s voice and big-screen persona shine through – whether he’s describing a growth on Elvis’ genitals (“Being an old country boy... I knew it was a damn carbuncle”) or swinging what Guralnick calls his “Ciceronian syntax” at a 1999 music-biz convention: “All the ambassadors in the world, all the damn wars that have been fought have in no way come within [one] thousandth of the potential of the understanding that the human race can get from music.” Like his subject, Guralnick sometimes overuses superlative pronouncements – just witness the book’s title – where the strength of his research and storytelling might suffice. But his enthusiasm is forgivable. Phillips was a man who saw rock & roll as nothing less than an American religion. As Guralnick’s lifelong devotion has shown, he’s a true believer. You may come away born again too.

WILL HERMES

How to Survive a Plane Crash - and Blink-182

On September 19th, 2008, a plane carrying Blink-182 drummer Travis Barker, DJ AM and four other people crashed into an embankment on a South Carolina highway. Barker and AM were the only ones to survive, sprinting away from the burning plane.



“I am running as fast as I can, and I am on fire,” Barker writes in his new memoir. “The night is dark, but I can see my way, because of the light from my own burning flesh.” The crash left Barker with

severe burns, a back injury and a deep fear of flying (his buddy AM died the next year of a drug overdose). Written with ROLLING STONE contributor Gavin Edwards, *Can I Say* is a fascinating look into the life of a talented, hard-partying musician who has beaten the odds several times. Blink fans hoping to learn more about the group’s recent meltdown will be disappointed, though the book delves into Barker’s relationship with his ex-wife, model Shanna Moakler (their marriage was chronicled on the 2005 MTV show *Meet the Barkers*), and how their kids lifted him out of his post-crash depression. “I had a second chance,” he writes, “and I had to appreciate every minute I had left with them.” **ANDY GREENE**

The Forgotten Roots of Van Halen

In the summer of 1973, a Pasadena, California, cover band called Mammoth, led by two Dutch immigrant brothers named Van Halen, were tired of paying \$35 a show to use a local kid’s PA system. Their solution? They made the kid, a flamboyant, wealthy doctor’s son named



David Lee Roth, their singer. From there, it was another five years of slogging through backyard parties and dingy clubs before the group released its debut album, as Van Halen. This pre-history is usually glossed

over in accounts of the band, but in *Van Halen Rising*, author Greg Renoff devotes an entire book to it. It’s the tale of hardworking kids with nothing in common learning to fuse pop and heavy metal into a new sound that completely changed the music world. It also vividly shows that the personality clashes that would later destroy the band were there from Day One.

A.G.



TRASH AESTHETIC
Grimes in NYC
in September

One-Woman Supernova

Grimes produces her own songs, headlines festivals and wants to be the new Trent Reznor. The triumph of a self-made oddball

BY RACHEL SYME

WHEN CLAIRE BOUCHER, who writes, records and produces music as Grimes, decided to show off her unshaved armpits in a recent round of press photos, her PR team went into crisis mode. This was not the image they had in mind — they wanted her quirky but groomed, wild but not too wild, more feminine than feral. Boucher saw it another way.

“I was like, ‘Armpit hair! Yes!’” she says, sitting cross-legged on a couch in the Los Angeles headquarters of her record label, 4AD. Boucher, 27, is wearing an oversize

black T-shirt bearing the name of Ronda Rousey, and fresh white sneakers, with her long hair, magenta at the roots and brown below, twisted into two braids. She looks like Wednesday Addams headed to a rave. “Everyone else on my team was like, ‘No way, no armpit hair, absolutely not.’ So in the end we sent the shots to Big Jay.”

Big Jay is Jay Z, who signed Boucher to his Roc Nation management company. Jay quickly ruled in Boucher’s favor on the photos. “He just said, ‘Yes, let her keep the hair,’” Boucher says with a smirk. “He overruled everybody. It’s just good to have

an artist at the head of the management, because, like, he’s an artist. He gets us.”

Jay Z signed Grimes in 2013, shortly after her 2012 breakthrough, *Visions*, made her a rising star, critical darling and huge festival draw. Soon she was spinning legendary house parties in Ibiza, attending the Met Ball and appearing in fashion’s front row.

Buying into the Grimes project means buying into Boucher’s independence; she often calls herself “an auteur” without sarcasm or irony. Boucher made *Visions* entirely by herself in under a month, locked

HAIR BY AKKI. MAKEUP BY AARON DE MEY.

THE VODKA THAT TASTES LIKE VODKA.



in a dark room with only GarageBand software, Adderall and whatever food friends thought to bring her. She made all the beats, sang all the vocals, played all the instruments and drew all the album artwork. Boucher says she made the album “at such a psychotic pace” to meet a deadline set by her then-manager. But even in that short span, she came up with something both defiantly weird – the big song off *Visions*, “Oblivion,” features an eerie, childlike voice trilling glossolalia over thumping beats you feel in your chest – and addictive, like a house party in an ice castle.

When Boucher talks, it's like listening to the Internet out loud. She clicks open one conversational tab after another, and it's your job to keep up. One moment she will be extolling the merits of Rousey (“She’s so psychologically intense!”); the next she will be giving hair-dye tips (“Get the Manic Panic kind, like the superbleach. Then use the purple toner”); the next she’ll veer into a somber place, talking about how she got so depressed one night last year that she did tequila shots and decided to write a sunny pop hook in the wee hours to stave off the blues.

Boucher’s new album, *Art Angels*, is even more jubilantly all over the place than *Visions*. Some of it sounds like straight pop: “California,” the song that came out of that tequila-fueled all-nighter, recalls, of all things, late-period Dixie Chicks (Boucher is a huge fan; she says that when she met Natalie Maines she “had a panic attack”). Some of it sounds like alien music of the future. “Flesh Without Blood,” which Boucher calls “a diss track” about a false friend, undulates in Doppler waves; she says she added so many beats that the song kept crashing her computer.

Raised in Vancouver, Boucher grew up loving drawing and ballet before moving to Montreal in 2006. While studying neuroscience, she began making noise rock on her computer, and after seeing the category “grime music” as one of the choices on MySpace, she adopted it as her stage name. Soon she was so enmeshed in becoming Grimes that she dropped out of college to make music full-time. “My dad still asks if I can finish my degree,” she jokes. “My parents understand what I do, but they still get mad when I swear on the Internet. They are like, ‘Your grandmother might see this!’”

Swearing on the Internet, ironically, is part of what made Grimes a phenom-

enon. She began speaking out on Twitter and her Tumblr about everything from sexism in the music industry to loving pop music like Psy and Mariah Carey. Boucher’s posts made her a target – of those offended by an anti-sexism manifesto and those who thought she had sold out with *Visions*, among other critics. “It started getting hostile,” Boucher says of the heat she took online. “Going from being an unpopular, introverted person to dealing with all that, it was a mindfuck.” She temporarily deleted her Tumblr and plotted her next move.

Boucher recorded a new batch of songs that never congealed, before moving from Canada to Los Angeles with her boyfriend, musician James Brooks of the



Grimes and Jay Z at the Roc Nation pre-Grammys brunch, 2014

band Default Genders, to finish *Art Angels*. Once again, Boucher recorded entirely alone (though she did mix the songs with Madonna and U2 producer Spike Stent). She’s glad she took her time: Unlike *Visions*, which “wasn’t really finished when we put it out,” *Art Angels* is an album she can stand to listen to without cringing.

Even as she cops to making pop songs for *Art Angels*, Boucher is adamant that she isn’t a pop artist. “Pop music is made by teams of people,” she says. “I make independent music. I think it’s important not to be artistically indebted to anybody if you want to stand for something. I want to be like Trent Reznor.”

This fall, Boucher launched a “collective” called Eerie Organization to put out the work of fellow female musicians. In an industry where women represent a mere five percent of all producers, Boucher’s commitment to producing her own music isn’t just essential to her sound, it’s a political act. And it is also what may make her a new kind of icon. “When I was a teenager, there weren’t women I could relate to,” she says. “It was really hard for me to visualize this career, because it didn’t exist.”

BEYONCÉ'S BEATLES-LOVING PRODUCER GOES IT ALONE

A couple of years ago, Jordy Asher – a.k.a. 29-year-old musician-producer Boots – was a couch-surfing upstart struggling to find his way in the music industry. Then, a few of his throbbing tracks made their way to Jay Z, and Asher was tapped to collaborate with Beyoncé on her self-titled 2013 album, co-writing and co-producing nine of its 14 tracks, including hits like “Drunk in Love” and “Flawless.” “She was truly the first famous person I ever met,” Asher says. “When you have incredible world-class producers like Timbaland and Pharrell and Hit-Boy working on a record, you can either be intimidated and shrink, or you can say, ‘I have to be as good as these people.’”

After his success with Beyoncé, Boots was asked to work on albums by Madonna and Rihanna, among many



Boots turned down big gigs.

others, but he turned them all down. “Any contemporary R&B or pop act that is currently coming out with a record, I was offered to work on it,” he says. “I said no not because I’m arrogant, but because I wanted to give myself a chance to consume

myself with getting whatever is in there out.”

Boots’ genre-melting debut album, *Aquaria*, evokes everything from bass-heavy underground dance music to the noisy hip-hop of Run the Jewels (with whom he’s worked) to David Bowie and the Beatles – the last a key inspiration for his name and look. “When I was a kid, I saw John Lennon and Bob Dylan rocking dope boots,” says Asher, who was a teenage break dancer growing up in Miami. “Most kids who were breaking were wearing Reebok or Nike. Wearing boots was a unique expression for me.” Boots recorded *Aquaria* at a château in the South of France. He liked it so much, he recommended the place to Radiohead, whom he calls his new friends. “The walls were just seeping with inspiration,” he says.

JON DOLAN

A DORM-ROOM BRIAN WILSON BREAKS THROUGH

When Will Toledo was 19, he wrote a song called “Fuck Merge Records” after trying and failing to submit his music to the North Carolina label. “The chorus was ‘No unsolicited demos, no unsolicited demos,’” the 23-year-old singer-songwriter, better known as Car Seat Headrest, says with a sheepish grin. “Obviously, I have a greater appreciation of why that’s a policy now, but I was just a kid at the time.”

Toledo spent his years as a college undergrad in Virginia recording songs on a laptop whenever his roommates were out of his dorm rooms, then uploading the results to Bandcamp. “It was just sort of explosions in the dark,” he says. “I was always hoping that the stars would align and I would get on board with a label, but

nothing really connected.” That changed as his music slowly gained a cult of young, Web-savvy fans. This year, Toledo signed with another

Car Seat Headrest



indie powerhouse, Matador Records, and rerecorded his best songs for *Teens of Style* – a prodigious showcase for his ambitious Sixties-pop arrangements. Case in point: The old fragment known as “Fuck Merge Records” blossomed into “Times to Die,” a Brian Wilson-style teenage symphony with a fuzzed-out Guided by Voices kick.

His strikingly personal lyrics about religion and sexuality are just as compelling: “When I was a kid, I fell in love with Michael Stipe/ I took lyrics out of context/ And thought he must be speaking to me,” Toledo sings on “Strangers,” a yearning highlight. “That’s the first lyric I liked enough not to obscure it behind production,” he says. “The most valuable thing I can offer as a writer is a glimpse into my own identity.”

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

**PREMIUM
GOES
INTO THE
BOTTLE,
NOT
JUST
ON IT.**



SAVOR STOLI® RESPONSIBLY. Stolichnaya® Premium Vodka. 40% Alc/Vol. (80 proof). Distilled from Russian Grain. Stoli Group USA, LLC, New York, NY ©2014 Spirits International, B.V.

ON DECEMBER 1ST, ROGER Waters will release a CD/DVD set commemorating his three-year-long tour of *The Wall* – and he says he has new appreciation for why the Pink Floyd classic has endured. “People are just beginning, as they sleepwalk through imperial capitalism, to realize the law is being eroded, the military are taking over commerce, and the corporations have taken over government,” he says. “And that we the people no longer have a voice. *The Wall*, to some extent, is asking the question ‘Do you want a voice?’” Waters recently made headlines for his longtime role as a critic of Israel, drawing protest outside of a Long Island gig. (Israel is a pet topic for Waters; he even brought it up when we merely asked if he’d ever play *The Wall* again.) Waters checked in one afternoon, offering sharp words for Howard Stern, Donald Trump and us, too.

Now that you’re done with *The Wall*, what’s next for you?

I have an entire demo [for his next album]. I’m in a room sitting with a guitar, all the demo recordings and a legal pad and a pen, shoveling things around and scribbling things down. It’s an attempt to come up with a shape, a cartoon sketch of what this painting may be when it’s finished. And the device that I’m using to do that is to think of it as an arena show. I’m trying to figure out how to juggle all these new tunes with old tunes as well into a cohesive arena show that I can get some bums into seats with. The basic question of the album is, “Why are we killing the children?”

So it’s a concept album, I take it.

Yeah. Why change now?

You played *The Wall* 219 times between 2010 and 2013. Do you think you’ll ever do it again?

If Israel works toward equality and actual, real, genuine democracy, with no apartheid or racism infecting the society, then I will go over there and play *The Wall* again. I have the bits and pieces of the stage stored, and the ones I haven’t got stored, I will rebuild.

You’ve long favored a cultural boycott of Israel, since you say its treatment of the Palestinians is apartheid. This has led some to label you an anti-Semite.

[Laughs] They try to. But the analogy is with the civil-rights struggle in the Southern states of the United States and pre-Mandela South Africa. The global civil society – though

Q&A



Roger Waters

The former Pink Floyd leader on his new concept album, his feud with Howard Stern over Israel, and why he’s terrified of Hillary Clinton

BY ANDY GREENE

a lot of people in America don’t know this because it’s not reported – feels the same way that I do about the Israeli government. It’s not the Israeli people, it’s not Jews, it’s not Judaism. I would never dream of attacking them. Howard Stern accused you of wanting Jews to “go back to the concentration camp.” Do you have any response?

I wouldn’t waste a single one of my precious breaths on that asshole. I guess I just did. That was a waste of breath, so let’s move on.

What’s your relationship like with the other members of Pink Floyd?

[Drummer] Nick Mason and I adore each other. There was a brief schism when I left the band, but now we’re great friends. Rick [Wright]’s dead, sadly. And Syd [Barrett]’s dead, sadly. David [Gilmour] and I have never been friends at all, so we don’t have anything to do with one another, and I’m content with all of that.

I’m sure it’s annoying that everyone always asks you about a Pink Floyd reunion that will obviously never happen.

I will refer you to the answer I gave for Howard Stern on that question.

Can you summarize that?

[Shouting] No, I’m not going to! Why don’t you just ask me my favorite fucking color? You know, this can’t get any more dumb than that. Everybody knows the answer. And everybody asks the question again and again! It’s just so dumb. I’m sorry to get testy. You’re just doing your job.

Let’s talk about Donald Trump. Are you horrified he’s doing so well in the polls?

You can’t look at any of the Republican candidates and not be horrified. They are so charged up with wanting to murder everybody in the world. I’ll get into hot water for saying this, but their attitudes are so fascist. Trump thinks he’s clever because he made a few bucks and has a crappy TV show.

Do you like Hillary Clinton?

She would be a better alternative than any of the Republican candidates I’ve seen by a long, long way. But the only person I can see who has any credibility for me is Bernie Sanders. If I had a vote, and I don’t, since I’m not a citizen, I would cast my lot with him. Hillary worries me. I worry she might want to become the first woman president to drop a fucking nuclear bomb on somebody. There’s something scarily hawkish about her. **You live in New York. If Trump becomes president, will you leave the country?**

No. If Trump wins, all of us of good heart need to stay here and organize and get rid of him as soon as possible, before he destroys the world.

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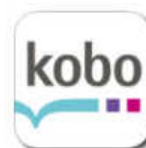
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KINDLE



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'Badlands': A Dystopian Kung-Fu Epic

BY ROB SHEFFIELD

KUNG FU AND THE Western: always an unkillable combination. *Into the Badlands*, AMC's post-apocalyptic martial-arts thriller, kicks off with a bang: Mystery man Daniel Wu rides in on his motorcycle wearing a red leather trench coat, shades and a sword. Be-

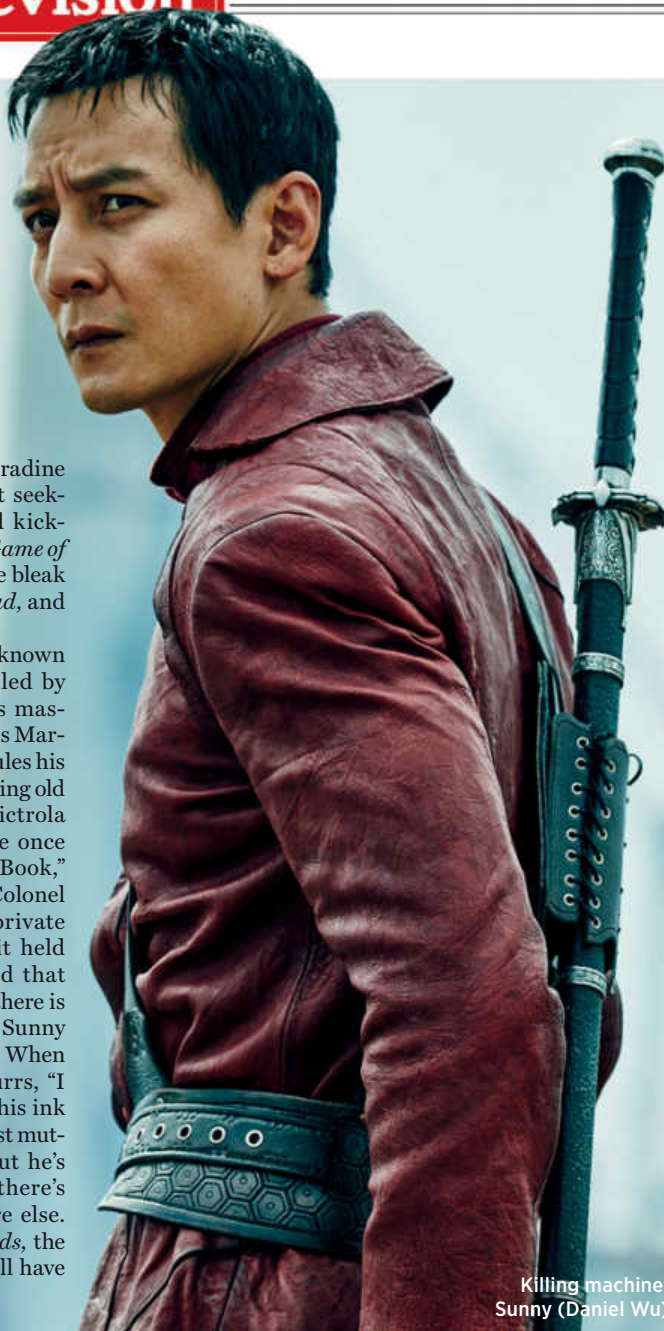
INTO THE BADLANDS
SUNDAYS, 10 P.M., AMC

fore he fights, he removes the blade, because he prefers to handle his blood baths with his fists. Many corpses later, someone finally gets around to asking who the hell he is: "Got a name? You just show up, kill people and leave?"

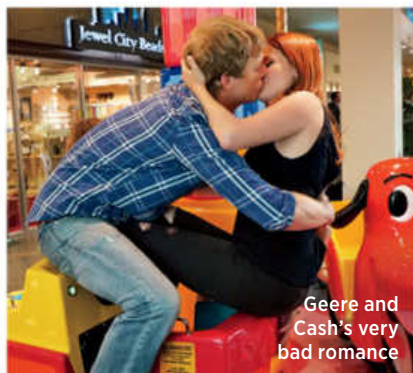
The guy's name is Sunny, and he's a Clipper – a professional killer with more than 400 tattoos to mark his body count. Loosely based on a 16th-century Chinese tale, *Journey to the West*, about the adventures of a wandering Buddhist monk, *Badlands* conjures the ghost of *Kung Fu*, the classic Seven-

ties yarn with David Carradine roaming the Wild West seeking enlightenment and kicking ass. Throw in some *Game of Thrones* intrigue and the bleak vibe of *The Walking Dead*, and you've got *Badlands*.

The last remnants of known civilization are controlled by evil barons like Sunny's master, Quinn, the marvelous Marton Csokas. The baron rules his opium empire while playing old blues records on the Victrola in his mansion. "People once thought there's a Holy Book," the baron says in his Colonel Sanders drawl to his private army. "They believed it held the answers from a god that would save them. Boys, there is no god in the Badlands." Sunny is his bloodiest enforcer. When a woman in his bed purrs, "I know buried under all this ink is a good man," Sunny just mutters, "You're wrong." But he's starting to wonder if there's a better way somewhere else. And on *Into the Badlands*, the only question is who he'll have to kill to get there.



Killing machine:
Sunny (Daniel Wu)



Geere and
Cash's very
bad romance

The Raunchiest Rom-Com Gets Rawer

YOU'RE THE WORST
WEDNESDAYS, 10:30 P.M., FXX

"As my grandma used to say, 'It's only a walk of shame if you're capable of feeling shame.'" Words to live by – but that's why *You're the Worst* is the realest and rawest of TV rom-coms. Aya Cash's Gretchen and Chris Geere's Jimmy are miserable people who feel dead on the inside, devoid of emotion, sharing "I don't do feelings" as a way of life. So they can't understand why

having sex gets so messy – as if they're falling in love or something dumb like that. The FXX cult hit's second season just keeps getting even more acerbically brilliant than the first, as they find out each other's dirtiest secrets: Gretchen's side piece is hanging out alone in her car to cry, while Jimmy prefers to fantasize about Janis Joplin in the shower ("Yeah, Janis was a no-go. Pivoted to Grace Slick at the last second, so it wasn't a total waste"). *Viva amore!*

R.S.



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'Mr. Show' Rides Again

The best sketch-comedy series of the Nineties returns for a brilliant new run

BY TIM GRIERSON

IN THE MID-NINETIES, WHEN BOB Odenkirk and David Cross got the green light from HBO to create their own sketch-comedy series, they were unknown comics who had both written for the short-lived *Ben Stiller Show*. But the late-night cable oddity they created – *Mr. Show With Bob and David*, which ran on HBO from 1995 to 1998 – became an alt-comedy cult classic. “*Mr. Show* meant everything to us,” says Odenkirk.

W/BOB & DAVID NETFLIX

“It seemed to be my chance to do something really pure, as funny as I could do it, with as much freedom as I could ever hope to get in this business.”

Mr. Show’s anarchic energy, surrealist pacing and highbrow irony were to the indie-rock Nineties what *Saturday Night Live* had been to the Seventies. Sketches could riff on anything from the Founding Fathers to the homoerotic undercurrents in heavy metal; one classic was a *Boogie Nights* parody about a porn magazine called *Taint*. “That show seemed aimed directly at us,” says Tim Heidecker of *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!*, “almost as if Bob and Dave had infiltrated our brains.”

In the early '00s, *Mr. Show* alums like Sarah Silverman and Jack Black became superstars, and Cross found success with a recurring role on *Arrested Development*. For a while, it seemed as if Odenkirk’s career as a performer might’ve stalled. Recently, though, he’s had an amazing run, appearing in *Breaking Bad* and *Fargo*, and now starring in *Better Call Saul*. Throughout all this, Odenkirk and Cross had often considered getting back together



SECOND HELPING
Odenkirk (left) and Cross in *W/Bob & David*

for another run. “We talked about it for years,” says Odenkirk, who is currently filming *Better Call Saul*’s second season, in Albuquerque. “The issue is always our schedules – they just never match up. Finally, we had this window of time.”

Two years ago, the pair did a brief live tour. Now they’re reuniting for real with their new Netflix series, *W/Bob & David*. Due to their busy careers, the pair were able to create only four shows for the first run of *W/Bob & David* (plus a behind-the-scenes special). But the old *Mr. Show* spirit is there: One sketch is about a guy who gets magical powers every time he says “cunt”; another is about a white director doing a “revisionist” remake of *Roots*. When *Mr. Show* debuted, it often had an

acerbic outsider energy. This time around, their show has a looser, more playful feel. “We don’t have to make our own mark,” insists Cross. “I mean, we made our mark – and now we’re kind of having fun.”

Back in the Nineties, no one was doing anything like *Mr. Show*. After two decades of programs like *Community* and *The Daily Show* that owe a lot to Odenkirk and Cross’ self-aware aesthetic (*Community* creator Dan Harmon is an avowed *Mr. Show* superfan), they’re returning to a comedy landscape they helped create. “I think *Key & Peele* is the closest thing to what we do,” says Odenkirk, adding, “I don’t care about what we did 17 years ago. I care about what we are trying to say now to people now about the world now.”

Essential Bob and David

Absurdity, visual gags and heavy-metal jokes: YouTube these classic ‘Mr. Show’ sketches

‘Drug-achusetts’

A fantastical *H.R. Pufnstuf*-style kids show is the setting for a succession of drug freakouts. Moral for young viewers: “Always know your dealer.”



Odenkirk in “Drugachusetts”

‘Titannica’

Cross jumps into a vat of acid after listening to his fave metal band but lives to meet his heroes. “I played your song ‘Try Suicide’ right before I tried suicide!” he gushes.

‘Civil War Re-enactments’

A Ken Burns-style doc about Civil War re-enactors who are forced to battle Trekkies and Renaissance Faire attendees who show up at the same field.

‘Pre-Taped Call-In Show’

Cross hosts a talk show “where we tape all our calls a week in advance,” and becomes an increasingly frazzled prisoner to that deranged premise.

‘Marilyn Monster’

A shock rocker tapes a training video for Marilyn Mozzarella’s Pizzarella Pie Parlor. Perhaps the best parody of 1990s alt-culture ever.

FROM TOP: SAEED ADYANI/NETFLIX; ADAM TIMRUD/COURTESY “MR. SHOW, WHAT HAPPENED?”

NETFLIX

**"A SURPRISINGLY
CREATIVE, FUNNY
AND SWEET**

breakout for Aziz Ansari...a
fresh vision of a TV show."

Tim Goodman
THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

**"A SLY, SMART AND,
MOST OF ALL,
REALLY FUNNY**

comedy you won't want to miss."

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SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

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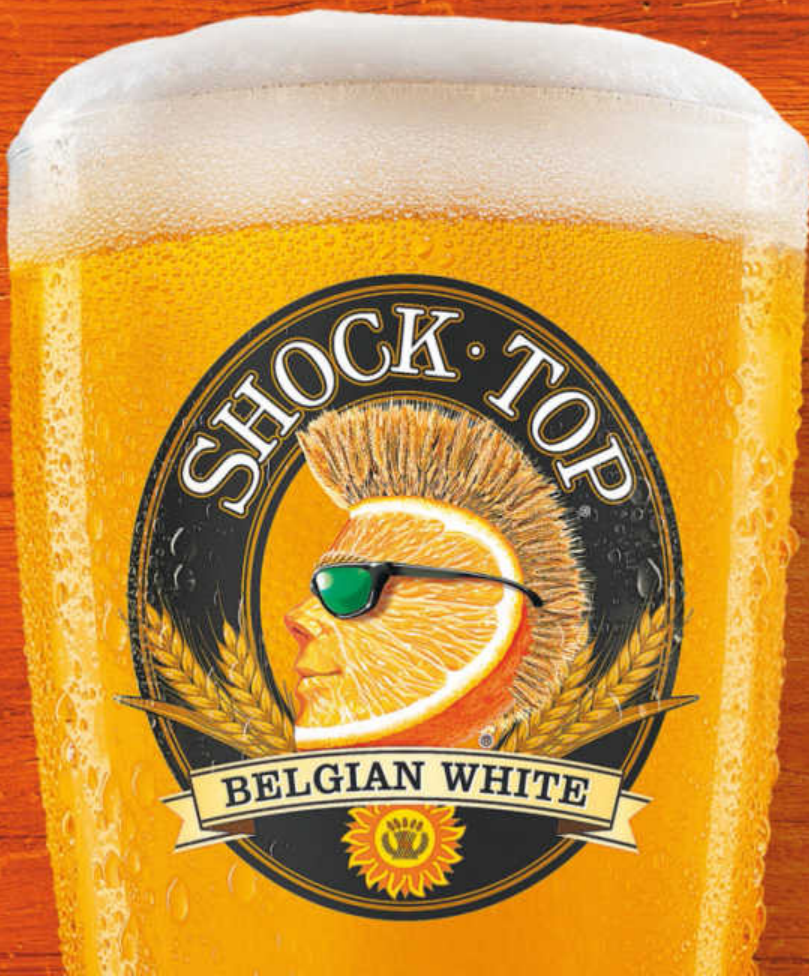
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A ONE-SIP
WONDER.**



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RandomNotes

Mazel Tov, Miley!

Who better than Miley Cyrus to celebrate James Franco's belated bar mitzvah? She wore a cape with the words "Shalom, y'all!" at the Hollywood party, organized by Franco's buddy Seth Rogen as a fundraiser for the Alzheimer's Association. Next, Cyrus will hit the road for a brief eight-date run with the Flaming Lips: "We're thinking of doing a bigger round next April," says Wayne Coyne, "unless Miley goes to live in space for a year!"



RONNIE'S HORSE SENSE

Ronnie Wood and wife Sally watched their champion horse, Sandymount Duke, take third place at a U.K. horse race. "What an exciting day," says Ronnie. "I am so proud!"



Neil Young Rolls Another

Neil Young wrapped up a blazing 2015 tour at his 29th Bridge School Benefit, performing alongside Dixie Chicks and St. Vincent. Next stop: D.C., where he's paying tribute to Willie Nelson, who's receiving the Gershwin Prize for Popular Song.



MOUNT OZZMORE

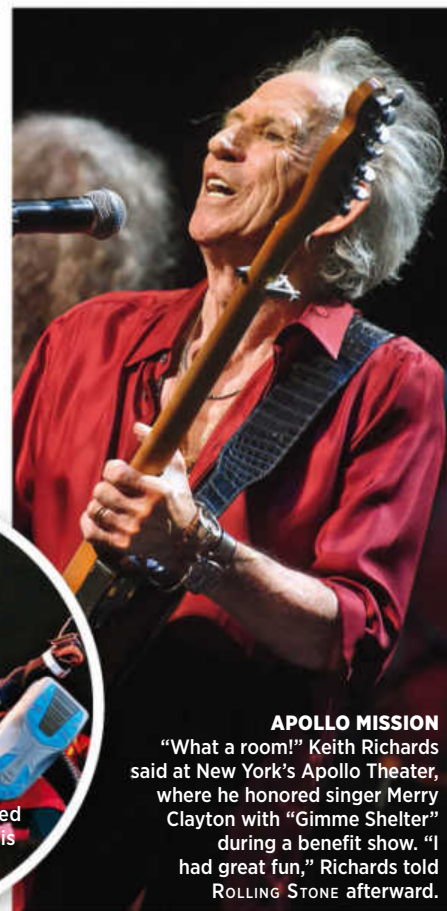
Black Sabbath's final tour kicks off in January, but before that Ozzy and his son Jack are visiting several national monuments for a new History Channel show.



BITCH, I'M A BIKER

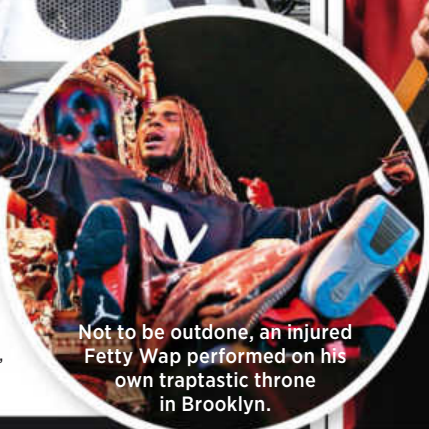
Madonna and her dance crew went for a joyride in Santa Monica on a tour break. "When you do the same show every night, you have to build up your energy," she says.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: RANDY SHROPSHIRE/GETTY IMAGES FOR HILARITY FOR CHARITY; DAVID HARTLEY/REX SHUTTERSTOCK; © JAY BLAKESBERG; WCD/4CRNS/GALO/FAMELYNET; OZZY OSBOURNE/INSTAGRAM



Wounded Warriors

"We're gonna do as many songs to get you on your feet as we can," Dave Grohl told the crowd at a Harley Davidson charity event in California. Grohl himself, who's still recovering from a broken leg, remained seated on a giant chopper. "I used to ride bikes where I grew up," he said. "This is as close as I'm going to get at this point."



Not to be outdone, an injured Fetty Wap performed on his own traptastic throne in Brooklyn.

APOLLO MISSION

"What a room!" Keith Richards said at New York's Apollo Theater, where he honored singer Merry Clayton with "Gimme Shelter" during a benefit show. "I had great fun," Richards told *ROLLING STONE* afterward.



Sheeran's Higher Ed

Ed Sheeran received an honorary doctorate from the University Campus Suffolk, near his U.K. hometown. "I am now officially Dr. Sheeran," said the singer, who dropped out of school to pursue music at 16. He also related travel tips: "Thailand's supercheap – you can get beers for 15 pence."



KATYCAT IN CHIEF

Katy Perry stumped and sang for Hillary Clinton at an outdoor rally in Iowa – and gave Clinton a "POTUS" necklace for her birthday. "She's my fireworks," Perry said. Hillary got in on the song-name pun game too: "Sometimes you just have to let them hear you roar."



JT GETS IN A MEMPHIS GROOVE

At his induction into the Memphis Music Hall of Fame, Justin Timberlake met Stax heroes like William Bell, Steve Cropper and "Soul Man" Dave Porter (from left). "This is the fucking coolest thing that's ever happened to me," JT said in a tearful speech.



**THAT JUST
BRUSHED
CLEAN
FEELING**

when the spicy take-out
is putting the brakes
on the make-out.



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The triumphant return of Adele

By BRIAN HIATT | *Photograph by* THEO WENNER



She's
the
One



S ADELE STEERS THROUGH A SOUTH LONDON high street in her four-door Mini Cooper, with her toddler's vacant car seat in back and the remains of a kale, cucumber and almond-milk concoction in the cup holder, a question occurs to her. "What's been going on in the world of music?" she asks, in all sincerity. "I feel out of the loop!" ♪ The only possible response is way too easy: *Well, there's this one album the entire industry is waiting for...* ♪ "Oh, fuck off!" Adele says, giving me a gentle shove and letting loose the charmingly untamed laugh – an ascending cascade of forceful, cartoonish "ha's" – that inspired a YouTube supercut called "The Adele Cackle."

"Oh, my God, imagine," she continues, green eyes widening. "I wish! I feel like I might be a year too late." It's as if her last album, 2011's *21*, hadn't sold a miraculous 31 million copies worldwide in an era when no one buys music, as if it hadn't sparked the adoration of peers from Beyoncé to Aretha, as if it hadn't won every conceivable award short of a Nobel Peace Prize.

"But genuinely," she says, "I've lost touch with music. Not, like, all music" – she's a fan of FKA Twigs, loves Alabama Shakes, snuck into the crowd at Glastonbury to see Kanye – "but I feel like I don't know what's going on in the charts and in popular culture." She laughs again. "I've not lost touch with, like, reality. Just with what's current." Her Cockney accent is softening lately, but she still pronounces "with" like it ends with a "v."

She's driving under a sky that is gray and dismal even by the standards of early-October London afternoons. Rain is coming, threatening Adele's plans to take her three-year-old son, Angelo, to the zoo later. No one in the passing vehicles recognizes her. They never do, not in this car. "Maybe if I went out in full, done-up, hair-and-makeup drag," she says. "Which it is: borderline drag! I'm not brave enough to do it." Instead, she's dressed like a grad student who barely got up in time for class, in a drapery blue-black sweater made of some hemplike fabric – it could almost be from Kanye's dystopian fashion collection – over black leggings and white low-top Converse. Her golden hair is gathered in a loose bun, and she's wearing twin hoop earrings in each ear. Her makeup is minimal, and though she claims to be develop-

ing a wrinkle or two, she looks strikingly young, with a clotted-cream complexion worthy of the cosmetics endorsements she's turned down.

Adele is fresh from a rehearsal with her backing band, where she perched on a chair facing the musicians and sang her first-ever live version of "Hello," the melancholy, surging first single from her third album, *25*, due November 20th. (She turned 27 in May, but named the album

"I always feel like this is going to turn out to be a hidden-camera show, and someone is going to send me back to Tottenham."

after the age when she began work on it: "I'm going to get so much fucking grief: 'Why is it called *25* when you're not 25?'" "Hello, it's me," she sings at the beginning of the single, as if there could be any doubt. When she finally puts the song out a couple of weeks later, it will rack up a record-setting 50 million YouTube views in its first 48 hours.

With a young child to raise, Adele took an unhurried approach to making the album. A full six months passed between writing the verses of "Hello" and nailing the chorus. "We had half a song written," says producer/co-writer Greg Kurstin, who didn't know if Adele was ever going

to come back and finish it. "I just had to be very patient."

The lyrics sound like she's addressing some long-lost ex, but she says it isn't about any one person – and that she's moved on from the heartbreaker who inspired *21*. "If I were still writing about him, that'd be terrible," she says. "'Hello' is as much about regrouping with myself, reconnecting with myself." As for the line "hello from the other side": "It sounds a bit morbid, like I'm dead," she says. "But it's actually just from the other side of becoming an adult, making it out alive from your late teens, early twenties."

Adele still hasn't decided whether she'll do a full-scale tour behind *25* – right now, the rehearsals are for TV performances. Her band has a few new members, and she's especially excited to have a percussionist for the first time, an addition inspired by her childhood idols: "The Spice Girls had a *mad* percussionist," she says.

In public, at least, Adele has had little to say – and nothing to sing – for the past couple of years, not since she and collaborator Paul Epworth won an Oscar for "Skyfall," the first decent James Bond theme song in forever. "When I have nothing to say," she says, "I'd rather just not talk." But it takes just a few minutes with her to see that silence isn't exactly her natural state. "I'm just fucking waiting for Frank fucking Ocean to come out with his album," she says. "It's taking so fucking long." She blinks, pauses, laughs again. "That sounds so stupid, coming from me, doesn't it?"

On some level, Adele refuses to allow her success to make it too deeply past her skin. She still sees herself as "some random girl from London," albeit one whose little car needs to be trailed by a bodyguard in a Range Rover. With the throwback classicism of its songwriting and its almost militantly organic arrangements, *21* stood to the side of the pop mainstream, even as it somehow outsold everything. Adele is trying to pull off a similar trick with her career itself. "My career's not my life," she says. "It's my hobby." She wants to be able to release her albums, live in public for a while, and then return to her private existence – for years at a time, maybe, so she can live enough to write the next set of songs. "I think she'll make 20 records," says her manager, Jonathan Dickins. "We're playing for the long game."

"People think I *hate* being famous," Adele says. "And I don't. I'm really *frightened* of it. I think it's really toxic, and I think it's really easy to be dragged into it." Early in her career, she faced frequent musical comparisons to Amy Winehouse, whom she met only a few times: "Watching Amy deteriorate is one of the reasons I'm a bit frightened. We were all very en-

Senior writer BRIAN HIATT profiled Lin-Manuel Miranda in October.



HELLO AGAIN

Adele on the set of the "Hello" video: "My career's not my life - it's my hobby."

tertained by her being a mess. I was fucking sad about it, but if someone showed me a picture of her looking bad, I'd look at it. If we hadn't looked, then they'd have stopped taking her picture. That level of attention is really frightening, especially if you don't live around all that showbiz stuff."

Adele still feels out of place among celebrities. Earlier this year, when she went backstage to meet one of her idols, Stevie Nicks, Adele found herself uncontrollably sobbing ("like, snot, everything"). "I'm not sure if I'll ever not feel a bit overwhelmed when I go to places where there are loads of stars," says Adele, who spent the first decade of her life in the poor, crime-plagued district of Tottenham. "I always feel like I'm gonna get thrown out. Or it's going to turn out to be some, like, hidden-camera show. Like someone's gonna send me back to Tottenham." She has recurring dreams of falling from tall buildings.

SINCE ANGELO'S ARRIVAL, Adele's life has been thoroughly domestic - though not, she emphasizes, reclusive: "I've been to every fucking park, every shop, every supermarket you could ever imagine." She's in a "very serious" relationship with Angelo's father, Simon Konecki,

a bearish 41-year-old investment-banker-turned-philanthropist with a warm smile. She met him just as the 21 phenomenon was peaking. "He's so supportive," she says. "And that takes a very big man, because I'm very successful at what I do. My last boyfriend was uncomfortable with how successful I was, and the fact that he had to share me with lots of people." (She's referring to the 21 dude, though there was a relationship in between.)

Contrary to various contradictory rumors, she notes that she and Konecki have neither married nor split up. "I have said a million times I'm not married and everyone still says we are," she says. "But, yeah, we're still together. We haven't broken up. We've never broken up. We've been together. We just haven't felt the need to get married. We've got a kid together. I feel like that's a big enough commitment."

One new track, "Water Under the Bridge," is about him. It's a notably clear-eyed love song, with a feel vaguely reminiscent of Michael Jackson's "Human Nature": "If I'm not the one for you," she sings, "why have we been through what we have been through?" - and the chorus pleads, "If you're gonna let me down/Let me down gently." "It was sort of about a relationship suddenly getting really, really serious," she says, "and then getting a

bit frightened by it, and then realizing that 'I think this must be right. This is the relationship that I want to be in for as long as I can possibly be in it.'" She hasn't played the whole album for Konecki yet: "What if he doesn't like it?"

She has quit smoking ("I absolutely loved it, but it's not that fucking cool when I'm dying from a smoking-related illness and my kid is, like, devastated") and has maybe one drink a week now. "I used to be able to drink anyone under the table and still be able to put on an all-right show," she says. "But with kids, hangovers are torture. They just know. They pick up on it and just go for you."

She is assiduous in a warm-up routine to protect her throat, which was threatened by a 2011 vocal hemorrhage that led to canceled tour dates and throat surgery, followed by that dramatic return to the stage at the 2012 Grammys. In the wake of her operation, her already world-shaking voice became palpably bigger and purer-toned, and she's added four notes to the top of her range. "It does make your voice, like, brand-new," she says. "Which I actually didn't like at first, because I used to have a bit of husk to my voice, and that wasn't there at first."

Adele is trying to build stamina for her possible return to the road, so she's cutting

back on sugar, though not carbs altogether ("I'd never deprive myself like that!"), and hitting the gym, "to get in shape for myself, but not to be a size zero or anything like that." Her regimen? "I mainly moan," she says. Small cackle. "I'm not, like, *skipping* to the fucking gym. I don't enjoy it. I do like doing weights. I don't like looking in the mirror. Blood vessels burst on my face really easily, so I'm so conscious when I'm lifting weights not to let them burst in my face. And if I don't tour, you'll catch me back down at the Chinese!"

So at age 27, Adele is healthy and settled down, with no vices and enormous responsibility: raising a child, nurturing a career on a global scale. In short, then, no fun at all? She nods, laughing: "I'm no fun at all."

It's all happened so fast. "I do have this, like, overwhelming yearning for myself," she acknowledges. "Every single day I have it for, like, a split second. It doesn't take over my life, but I have a yearning for myself from, like, 10 years ago when my only responsibility was writing songs for myself before anyone cared, and getting to school on time. And there was something so amazing in that. You know what? What annoys me the most is that you don't realize how amazing it is to be a kid."

Besides her family, Adele mostly hangs out with a handful of close friends who date back to her teen years or earlier—one writes children's books, another is a TV producer. "As *21* got bigger and bigger, I started getting back with all my old friends," she says, mentioning hopes of taking them on the road if she tours. "I needed them big time."

So she has a squad? "I've heard about a squad," she says with an amused snort. "I wish *my* squad was all supermodels. We are, in our brains. I guess I have my own *squad*." She pronounces the word in a comical American accent. "It's not as interesting as some of the other squads that are around right now." She brightens. "But maybe Rihanna can be in my squad! That would be really cool. Oh, God. She's life itself, isn't she? I love her."

Adele pulls in front of an unlovely three-story brick building, next to a Texaco station. The ground floor is a discount store. Beginning at age 14, Adele lived in an apartment upstairs with her mom, Penny. Her dad has largely been out of the picture since Adele was a toddler—he is her least favorite topic of discussion, and she refuses to attach any importance to his absence from her life. "Mine were the fourth, fifth and sixth windows," she says, pointing them out. Penny had Adele when she was just 18, and they have a fun relationship that Adele might compare to *Gilmore Girls* if she had ever seen it. She

was still living with her mom even during *21*'s success, and they remain close. "We always spoke about anything," she says. "There was never anything I was embarrassed about with my mom, which I think is the reason I never rebelled." To this day, Adele has never had so much as a puff of weed.

Adele wrote the songs for her first album, 2008's jazz-tinged, largely acoustic *19*, right upstairs. She got a deal with the powerful indie label XL straight out of her *Fame*-style performing-arts high school, mostly on the strength of a few MySpace demos. (She made zero concessions to the label's hip ethos: "She signed to XL, and she's talking in interviews about her favorite group being the Spice Girls," says Dickins. "She's not saying her favorite group is Einstürzende Neubauten

**She was laid up,
but "21" kept selling:
"I felt like I'd lost
control. The bigger
your career gets,
the smaller your
life gets."**

or Nitzer Ebb!") Across the street is the African Choice Market that used to be a pub where she'd get served underage, and Hollywood Nails, where she used to get manicures. She returned there, to the proprietors' delight, to primp for the 2012 Brit Awards.

ADELE GAZES UP AT her old apartment, her expression hard to read for once. Her yearning for her old self, her nostalgia, pervades multiple songs on her new album. Her favorite track is the Elton John-ish ballad "When We Were Young," co-written with singer-songwriter Tobias Jesso Jr., which shares a tiny bit of DNA with "The Way We Were," a song that brought her to tears when she saw Barbra Streisand perform it in person at the Oscars. At the last minute, Adele changed the name of another standout track from "We Ain't Kids No More" to "Send My Love (To Your Lover)." "Otherwise, you might as well just call the fucking album *Old*," she says.

The album's melancholia about the passage of time is very real, if slightly premature. "I've had a lot of regrets since I turned 25," she says. "And sadness hits me in different ways than it used to." On the lovely "Million Years Ago," which sounds like a Nineties Madonna ballad mixed with "The Girl From Ipanema," Adele sings, "Sometimes I just feel it's only me/Who never became who they thought they'd be." She's realized that some of the course of her life is set, that some doors are already closed. "There's a lot of things I don't think I'll ever get 'round to doing," she says. "Not because I'm famous, but just because I just don't think I'll ever have the time. Like being a journalist, or like being a teacher."

She takes a breath. "And I'm never going to be on my own again," she says. "I'm a mom and I'm in a very serious relationship, so it's never going to be just me again. I don't regret any of it. Like, those aren't the things that I regret. But I feel like I didn't have very long to myself. I was my mom's kid, and now I'm a mom." She laughs. "I had, like, a five-year window of just being me."

Around the time she became pregnant, Adele was feeling overwhelmed by her own success. She was particularly alarmed at *21*'s insistence on selling and selling at an alarming rate while she was laid up with a damaged voice and doing nothing to promote it. "I felt like I'd lost control of my life at one point," she says. "The bigger that your career gets, the smaller your life gets. I found this little, tiny janitor closet. That was my little space in my whole world. It was enough space for me. It was perfectly fine. But the idea of having to give up that little space, it really frightened me."

She had just gotten over her vocal troubles, had won all her Grammys and was contemplating a move to New York when she learned of her pregnancy. "All my plans went through," she says. "It was like, 'For good measure, let's see if I can cope with all of this and *then* having a baby.' But I think actually the pregnancy was perfect timing in the end. It might've seemed like the most ridiculous time to have a baby, but I was starting to get a bit afraid of everything." Angelo took away her fear. "When I had him, it made everything all right, and I trusted everything because the world had given me this miracle, you know, so I became a bit of a hippie, an Earth mother."

In fact, she says casually, "I don't know if I would've come back had I not had my kid."

The direct sonic influence is hard to find, but one of the chief inspirations for *25* was Madonna's *Ray of Light*. "You



ROLLING

(1) With boyfriend and “baby daddy” Simon Konecki. **(2)** Winning six awards, including Album, Song and Record of the Year, at the 2012 Grammys. **(3)** Receiving an MBE from Prince Charles at Buckingham Palace, December 2013.

know what I found so amazing about that record?” Adele says. “That’s the record Madonna wrote after having her first child, and for me, it’s her best. I was so all over the place after having a child, just because my chemicals were just hitting the fucking roof and shit like that.” She felt detached from her artistic self. “I was just drifting away, and I couldn’t find that many examples for myself where I was like, ‘Fuck, they truly came back to themselves,’ until someone was like, ‘Well, obviously, *Ray of Light*.’” Adele listened to it over and over, and was particularly captivated by “Frozen.” “I took that song as ‘I’ve gotten my confidence to come and do me again.’”

Back at home, it’s almost time for Angelo’s nap, so Adele pulls over again so she can catch him in a quick FaceTime session before he goes down (in real life, unlike in the “Hello” video, she does not carry around an ancient flip phone). She is un-

derstandably protective of her boy, even successfully suing British paps who shot pictures of him, so she requests that I don’t describe his appearance. (He is, for the record, quite cute.)

For a while, she was trying to keep even his name secret, but it’s tattooed on one of her hands – the same spot on the other hand says *PARADISE*. “‘Cause Angelo is my paradise,” she says, with an uncharacteristic touch of bashfulness. (Among other ink, she also has a huge tattoo of three doves on her back.) She didn’t find out until too late that Lana Del Rey also has a “paradise” hand tattoo – a coincidence Adele finds hilarious. “She probably thinks I’m, like, some mad fangirl,” she says, launching into a campy rendition of the chorus of “Born to Die.” “I mean, I am a Lana fangirl, but not a crazy one.”

“Did you have fun at the library?” Adele asks the little guy on the screen. “What did you read?”

There is talk of elephants and Elmo, of chocolate buttons, and macaroni and cheese before Adele fondly sends Angelo off to his nap. “Will you press the red button? Peanut? Press the red button...”

“He’s a little angel,” she says. “All the things I really like about myself, he brings out in me, and he’s the only person that tells me no. He completely rules me. He’s the boss of me, and it’s so funny for other people to watch, because I’m the boss of everything in my work life.”

She can’t help feeling guilty when her work takes her away from Angelo. “I just feel bad all the time,” she says. But she took inspiration from Kate Bush’s comeback concerts. “It made me really want to hurry up and finish my record,” she says. “It made me desperate, actually, to come back.” She had read that Bush’s teenage son had encouraged her to return to performing, and she “sort of curated this show around her kid. I left, and I was like, ‘I don’t want to wait until my kid is 16 to show him who I am.’ Because I’m very proud of what I achieved. And I wasn’t, before I had Angelo. I didn’t understand, actually, what I had achieved and how far I had come. Because everyone wants to do something with their life, and we don’t all get the opportunity because shit gets in the way. So I feel fucking so fortunate that the stars just aligned for me and allowed me to have the most ridiculous ride ever.”

ABOUT A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, Adele thought she might have nearly enough songs for an album. Her

manager wasn’t so sure, and they brought the demos to Rick Rubin, who had given valuable input on *21* – even though Adele ended up jettisoning some of his productions in favor of her rougher takes. Rubin listened, stroking his beard, probably. He looked at Adele and told her, “I don’t believe you.” The original group of songs was lighter in tone than anything she’s done. “You know the pop songs that are fantastic, but they don’t have much depth?” says Adele. “They were all a bit like that.”

“Adele was anxious to be finished with the new album and move forward with life,” says Rubin. “I stressed the most important thing was to be true to her voice, even if that took longer and was more work.... In the new material I heard, it was clear she wasn’t the primary writer – many of the songs sounded like they might be on a different pop artist’s album. It’s not just her voice singing *any* song that makes it special.”

"I actually took it really well," Adele recalls. "When he said it, I couldn't work out if I was, like, devastated, going to cry my eyes out. And then I just said, 'I don't really believe *myself* right now, so I'm not surprised you fucking said that.'" Rubin and Dickens both told her it sounded like she was rushing. "And that's not a way to make any kind of record," she says. "Especially when I'm trying to fucking follow 21. So I went back to the drawing board, really."

Earlier this year, she spent two months in Los Angeles, determined to move forward on her album for real. Among other sessions, she ended up working with the ubiquitous pop auteur Max Martin (along with collaborator Shellback) on the slinky "Send My Love (To Your Lover)," which may well be her catchiest, most modern song ever, built around an almost African-sounding guitar lick Adele wrote several years ago. She sought Martin out because she liked Taylor Swift's "I Knew You Were Trouble" ("I thought it was a really different side to her"). But soon she looked up Martin on YouTube, where she discovered the full breadth of his influence, the hits he'd written or co-written for everyone from N'Sync and Britney Spears to Katy Perry. "Send My Love" is the only kiss-off song on this album, addressed to the guy Adele dated between her 21 paramour and Konecki. "It's one of those, like, 'I'm fucking fine so fuck you' songs," she says.

A key early song was "Remedy," a big ballad with rolling piano chords written with Ryan Tedder, who also co-wrote "Rumour Has It" and "Turning Tables," from 21. It feels like Adele's own version of Bob Dylan's "Make You Feel My Love," which she covered on her first album. "When the pain cuts too deep and the night keeps you from sleep," she sings, with exquisite tenderness, "I will be your remedy." It made her tear up as she wrote it, and it has a similar effect on listeners. "I wrote it about my child," she says. "But I sang it for everyone that I really love. When I wrote it, I got my confidence back in my writing 'cause I believed in myself."

On 21, she came into sessions with Moleskine notebooks full of lyric ideas. This time, she often started from scratch, summoning songs from the air. Her collaborators would play chords while Adele

improvised melodies and lyrics, sometimes in a single burst. "It's impossible to question why she's where she is once you sit down with her to write a song," says Jesso. "She was the first introduction I had to somebody who could sing words on the spot that were actually really great." Jesso's manager told him that he could hear Adele's voice from the street outside the house where they were recording, that it was practically shaking its foundations.

She and Bruno Mars made an attempt at an uptempo song but instead created the unapologetically dramatic ballad

was "insecure" and that her music was "middle of the road." "It ended up being one of those 'don't meet your idol' moments," she says. "And the saddest thing was that I was such a big Blur fan growing up. But it was sad, and I regret hanging out with him." They didn't finish a single song. "No! None of it was right. None of it suited my record. He said I was insecure, when I'm the least-insecure person I know. I was asking his opinion about my fears, about coming back with a child involved – because he has a child – and then he calls me insecure?"

Adele wanted to modernize her sound, to add some synths and drum pads, to move away from the young-fogey vibe of 21 – on "River Lea," her track with Danger Mouse, she sings over choirlike keyboard chords created from her own sampled voice. "This time, it was about trying to come up with the weirdest sounds that I could get away with," says Epworth, who co-wrote two tracks on 25. "This album feels like it fits in maybe more with the cultural dialogue instead of being anachronistic to it. It's almost like she's trying to beat everyone else at their own game."

There's roughly a full album's worth of outtakes from 25. Adele is ruthless in her quality control, and was still making final tweaks to the track list when we met. "Some songs are not fucking good enough," she says. "And I think that's where a lot of people go wrong, thinking that people will buy any old shit from you."

ADELE CELEBRATED A RECENT BIRTHDAY at Kurobuta, a Japanese pub-food spot with a cultivated rock & roll vibe; *The Guardian* described it as both "insanely delicious" and "ridiculously expensive." Tonight, she's returned, and the restaurant has arranged for us to have a private candlelit room in back, down a small flight of stairs. We have a comically huge distressed-wood communal table to ourselves. Sometimes it's good to be a random girl from London.

As we study the menu, which is heavy on fried food, Adele is amused to hear I'm trying to eat low-carb. "Let's cheat," she says, persuasively. Behind her are various vintage rock posters, including the cover of Jimi Hendrix's *Axis: Bold as Love*.



ABOUT A GIRL

(1) Adele would belt Spice Girls songs as a child. (2) In the smoking area of her performing-arts school. (3) In London, 2007, the year before 19 was released. "I had a five-year window of just being me," she says.

"All I Ask," complete with a climactic key change and Adele engaging in what she calls some of her most "showoff-y" vocals. "I've never sung like that before," she says. "Never sang that high. The funny thing is that Bruno was hitting those notes in the studio too." ("She's a superstar and sassy as fuck," says Mars, who recalls a brief disagreement over one lyric. "Once she recorded it, it became one of my favorite parts of the song. She told me she hopes I'm in the audience when she sings that line live so she can flick me off.")

In only one case did a collaboration go wildly wrong. She took a stab at recording with Blur frontman Damon Albarn – and he ended up telling the press that Adele

"Let's both cheat. It's my cheat day. Let's go mad!" She looks at the menu again. "I'm going in! Going HAM – hard as a motherfucker!"

She glances at an empty corner. "Last time we were here, they had a TV in there," she says. "They must've taken it all out. But it was showing, like, hardcore anime porn. It was just mad! It's a bit off-putting when you're eating, like, *sushi* and they've got all the hardcore porn stuff on."

She orders an amaretto sour – what she calls a "*Days of Our Lives*" drink – but then changes it to a glass of sauvignon blanc. "I don't know if I should be that fierce," she says. "I just remembered I'm being interviewed."

Adele is aware that certain critics have used her "classy" image and music as a cudgel against the Mileys of the world. She is really not into it. "I'd rather not be the person that everyone gets pitted against," she says. "If they do decide to get their body out, I would rather not be that person because that's just pitting a woman against another woman, and I don't hold any more moral high ground than anyone else. So that has pissed me off a bit. Not that I'm going to start getting my tits out now!"

She continues to think out loud. "Would I show my body off if I was thinner? Probably not, because my body is mine. But sometimes I'm curious to know if I would have been as successful if I wasn't plus-size. I think I remind everyone of themselves. Not saying everyone is my size, but it's relatable because I'm not perfect, and I think a lot of people are portrayed as perfect, unreachable and untouchable."

She finds a lot of the questions she's faced on these issues to be blatantly sexist. "I've been asked 'Would you do *Playboy*?' so many fucking times, it's ridiculous," she says. "And is that because I'm a woman or because I'm fat?"

Then again, she took note of the fuss made over a certain male celebrity when he slimmed down. "What I found really interesting was the big, big deal that was made out of Chris Pratt. When he lost all of his weight, it was, 'Oh, my God, who would have known he was so fucking fit?' It was a lot of attention on when he used to be bigger. I've never seen that with a guy."

Adele has been so busy the past few years that she's only faintly aware of the newfound prominence of feminism in the pop-cultural discourse. "If there's a movement, that's great," she says. "Who's doing it? Will you ask me if I'm a feminist? I don't think many men in interviews get asked if they're feminist."

I don't ask the question, but she wants to answer anyway. "I'm a feminist," she says, sipping wine. "I believe that everyone

should be treated the same, including race and sexuality." She recalls not being taken seriously in business meetings full of men, of encountering an attitude of "what do you know?" "It's like, 'Well, I'm the fucking artist,'" she says, sitting up straighter in her chair. "So I fucking know everything, actually! Like, don't fucking talk down to me!"

She enjoyed working with Sia for her new album, even though the songs didn't make it (one, "Alive," became a single for Sia instead). Adele realized she had never collaborated with a woman before. "I actually love the dynamic of us both being in there and just fucking being bossy," she says with a laugh. "And it's all these male producers, and they're all fucking shitting themselves 'cause we're in there."

**"It would be
a bit tragic to do
another heartbreak
album – not even
tragic, a cliché!
Even if I really was
heartbroken."**

DO YOU THINK everyone will be disappointed that I'm happy?" Adele asks. It's a couple of days after our dinner, and she's wearing a similar leggings-and-sweater ensemble, with the glam addition of glittery Margiela boots. We're sitting in her manager's bright, modern office on a quiet Notting Hill street, decorated with sports memorabilia and some of Adele's prizes. She points out her Ivor Novello song-writing award in the corner but neglects to mention her Diamond Award next to it, which commemorates more than 10 million copies sold in the U.S.

Adele knows that her songs have been a solace to her fans. "If my music can heal anyone's heart, then that is, like, the most satisfying thing ever," she says. "I don't think the record has a vibe of 'Whoo-hoo, I'm totally happy!' But with me being in a brighter space with my love life, will my fans be disappointed in me that I can't fix their broken hearts with a song that is brokenhearted? I don't want to disappoint them. But at the same time, I can't write a

sad record, like, for everyone else. That's not a real record, unless I *am* sad."

She laughs at the reminder that her last *ROLLING STONE* interview ended with her imagining what would happen if she were in a stable relationship: "No music!" she joked then. "My fans will be like, 'Babe! Please! Get divorced!'"

But she doesn't see it that way anymore. "It would be a bit tragic to do a heartbreak album again," she says. "A cliché, not even tragic! It'd be such a cliché. What if I *was* heartbroken? What the fuck would I write about? 'Cause I can't write a fucking heartbreak record again! So just flip and reverse it."

She does understand artists' temptation to create chaos in their lives. "I would have been totally up for that had I not had a kid," she says. "I didn't think I'd settle down. I always loved the drama, you know? Always wanted to be in love but always loved the drama, since I was very young."

The question of a tour looms large in Adele's mind, and she's giving herself until Christmas to decide. "When I've sat down and thought, 'What can I do to bring something new to the table?' It was just like, 'Tour.' Because I haven't done it properly." As she sees it, this album might be her last chance for many years to hit the road – once Angelo is in school, she doesn't want to take him out.

Adele has always had stage fright, with a particular fear of opening her mouth onstage and having nothing come out. Which is peculiar, because she's already lost her voice and regained it. "But it didn't happen midshow," she says, waving off the idea. She also has the unlikely vision of walking out onstage and seeing only five people in an arena.

She dreads having more throat problems. "If my throat goes, then I'll never be able to do a tour again," she says. "I'll be able to get my throat fixed again and do studio work, but do I want to do something and then fail at it and be too scared to ever try it again?"

Wherever she does perform, she promises to embrace her old stuff, joking that she's "forever 21." "Being defined by any record is a dream come true when you're an artist," she says. "It's like when I go and see certain bands – not to name any – and they don't play their fucking biggest hit? Cunts! That really annoys me."

"To the general public, it's not about your body of work," she says. "In most cases, it's about the song that reminds them of something in their lives. They take you into their heart."

"That's, like, the biggest thing ever." She smiles, eyes alight with all the music left to be made. "You have to play that song." 🎵



Buddy Guy
at home in
Orland Park,
Illinois, in
August



KING BEE

BY
PATRICK
DOYLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY
DANNY CLINCH

BUDDY GUY MAY BE THE LAST BLUES GREAT OF HIS ERA, BUT HIS MOJO'S STILL WORKING

W

HEN BUDDY GUY is in town, he leaves his house in Orland Park, Illinois, around 7:30 p.m. and makes the 26-mile drive up I-55 to downtown Chicago, listening to B.B.

King's Bluesville station on satellite radio on the way. He drops his big white Lexus in his usual prime parking-garage spot, then walks down the block on Buddy Guy Way to his club, Legends. Tonight is a little slow; just a few people from the Hilton across the street, eating at scattered tables on the checkerboard floor.

Wearing a white Legends baseball cap, a Hawaiian shirt and a bracelet engraved with NOTHING BUT BLUES, Guy stops and looks around for a minute, flashing a big grin, his gold-and-diamond-capped teeth sparkling. He takes a seat at his stool in the corner of the L-shaped

bar. The waitress already has his Heinekens with a glass of ice ready; it's his regular drink, despite the fact the staff are wearing T-shirts advertising Buddy Brew ("The Damn Right Beer"). "When I go home tonight, I don't wanna be caught drunk," he says by way of explanation. "The Buddy Brew is a little stronger. That's why a lot of people like it, man – you get your money's worth."

At this point in his life, Guy is the greatest living Chicago bluesman, and one of the most influential guitar players ever. But for more than 50 years, he's also been a club manager. He started managing in 1961 at Club 99 in Joliet, Illinois, where he once booked Little Walter for a 90-cent bottle of Seagrams gin. The Rolling Stones and Muddy Waters came to play Guy's tiny old club the Checkerboard Lounge in 1981 (although their entourage filled up 55 of the club's 65 seats – "I didn't hear my cash register ring once," said Guy).

The walls of Legends are covered in guitars donated by visitors: Jeff Beck,

Eric Clapton, Jimmie and Stevie Ray Vaughan. "Eric don't come around anymore," Guy says of Clapton. "He can't even look at whiskey." The Stones will still visit, though – all four band members enjoyed a rare night out together at Legends in June. ("Keith hasn't slowed down nothing," says Guy. "He drank everything I was selling in the club – moonshine, gin, whiskey, everything. Son of a bitch is made of iron, man.")

Sometimes Guy sticks his head in areas the staff thinks are below his pay grade – he gets testy when drink lines get too long, or when bartenders leave the cash register open. He proudly notes that merchandise sales increase 90 percent when he's in the room. "Most clubs are not surviving because of DUI and nonsmoking," he says, "but they come see me sitting at the bar and take pictures."

Legends is one of the few major Chicago blues clubs standing. "I think if I closed my club, there might be two left," says Guy. When he first arrived here, in 1957, "there wasn't even space to have another club, there were so many. You could work Chicago seven nights a week. They were small, 40 to 50 people. But Muddy was playing, Sonny Boy Williamson, all of 'em. No cover charge."

Guy's real career began not far from here at the South Side's 708 Club, where he developed his unhinged live show – playing overdriven licks behind his back, or with his teeth. His first night there, Waters stopped by, inviting Guy into his car for a salami sandwich and convincing him not to return home to Louisiana. Two decades younger than players like Waters and Howlin' Wolf, Guy would become the heir apparent to the greatest generation of blues and R&B players. "He was a younger blues musician in a field totally dominated by much older guys," said Clapton. "He was standing with the masters, holding his own."

"He just blew my head off," says Jeff Beck, who saw Guy on his first English tour in the mid-Sixties. "He came off the stage at the end of his act and walked through the crowd, playing one-handed, the guitar above his head. I'd never seen anything like it. He walked through the crowd, and it was like a bunch of disciples following him out of the building. Then he came back and finished his act. This was pre-Hendrix, pre-everybody." Jimi Hendrix would watch Guy from the crowd at the Newport Folk Festival and Manhattan clubs. And when Clapton saw Guy in 1965, he remembered, "I wanted to do what he was doing – a blues trio! I would be the slick frontman, a white Buddy Guy."

Associate editor PATRICK DOYLE wrote about Keith Richards in September.

At the age of 79, Guy still plays more than 150 shows a year – blues cruises, casinos, state fairs, even, ironically, a Hendrix tribute tour. But after the death of his friend B.B. King earlier this year, somebody has to keep doing it. "When B.B. passed away, I kind of woke up and said, 'I'm the last one here,'" says Guy. "It's a little scary."

"He's the top honcho now, you know?" says Keith Richards. "He's the godfather now."



THIS MORNING, LIKE most mornings, Guy wakes up at 4:30 and is at the supermarket by seven. When I show up at his bungalow-style suburban home, he is simmering ribs in garlic, onions and bell peppers, as his mother's sauce recipe cooks in a

"WHEN B.B. PASSED AWAY, I WOKE UP AND SAID, 'I'M THE LAST ONE HERE,'" SAYS GUY. "IT'S A LITTLE SCARY." ADDS RICHARDS: "HE'S THE GODFATHER NOW."

separate pot. "I cook for myself, so I just try to make enough for tomorrow," he says. "It's just a routine thing."

"I got all of this shipped to me from the South," Guy continues as he opens a big cupboard of seasonings, containers with names like Memphis Mojo and Spice Supreme. "I got some shit you can't even let it pass by your face. Everything here is spicy except my tomato sauce. I'm from Louisiana, man!" On the top shelf, there's a jug of moonshine in a plastic container. He gets it from a fan from Tennessee. "You want some for breakfast?" Guy asks with a grin. (Richards approves of Guy's corn liquor: "It's very, very good," he says. "And there's a lot of it.")

After cooking, he'll go back to bed (friends know not to call between 1 and 6 p.m.) before driving to the club. "I get three and a half hours of sleep at night, three and a half in the afternoon," he says. "It's been like that for 50 years. I try to

break it, and I can't. As soon as I hear birds, it sounds like somebody calling me."

Guy's mother would also rise at 4:30 a.m. to cook on the wood stove of their shotgun-style one-story house in Lettsworth, Louisiana – on a good day, biscuits and fried eggs from their sharecropper farm, which she'd put in a bag for Guy and his four siblings to take to school. The kids would kill the chickens. "We'd live to eat, and eat to live," he says. "When I got big enough to catch a fish, [my parents] were the happiest people in the world."

Guy loves talking about farm life: milking cows in the morning, herding cattle, picking cotton with his siblings. Guy says that he didn't know what electricity was until he was 12 or running water until 16; the family drank rainwater stored in barrels. "Wasn't no such thing as acid rain back then," he says. "You could be walking home from school after a rainy day, and you could just lay down on the ground and drink out of a horse's track." He smiles. "It had a sweet taste."

Guy was born in 1936; Jim Crow was a fact of life. He remembers walking to school with his siblings while the white kids took the bus. "They would pass us on the gravel road," he says. "The dust looked like fog coming, and we'd run off to the side of the road to avoid the dust. And they would be spitting and throwing stuff at us. We never let it bother us. Because that's the way it was." He tells the story of when his parents' white landlord told his son he could no longer hang out with Guy. (Years later, the friend visited Guy: "He came to my house in Louisiana and cried, asking me, 'Do you remember that?' And I'd say, 'It wasn't you. It was them.'")

"My parents were very religious," says Guy. "My mama used to say, 'If you get slapped, turn the other cheek, so they can slap the other side.' They didn't teach us no hate."

That lesson may explain why, when Guy first moved to Orland Park more than a decade ago, he did not get angry when he woke up one snowy morning and discovered someone had egged his home. Instead, after cleaning it up, he got out his snowblower and cleaned every neighbor's sidewalk. "They said, 'A black man gets eggs thrown on his house, and he's still plowing snow off everybody's sidewalk, corner to corner?'" Guy says. "And we were the best of friends after that."

In the Sixties, Guy did not echo the resentment of some of his peers toward the white rock bands that became rich playing the blues. "When those songs would come on, I heard a lot of guys say, 'I do it better,'" says Guy, gesturing toward his indoor pool. "My answer to that is, if you swim 10 lengths of a pool and I swim two, you're doing something I ain't."

"The British did more for us than any record company," he continues. He likes



Smokestack Lightning

(1) Guy onstage in Massachusetts in 1968. “If you bring me out onstage, I’m going to give it to you,” he says. In 1970, he toured with Janis Joplin, the Grateful Dead and the Band.

(2) Playing in 1969 with Eric Clapton, who called Guy “the best guitar player alive.”

(3) With B.B. King in 1993. They met on the Chicago club scene in 1958 and became best friends, later touring the world several times together. “He was the nicest man you would ever want to meet,” says Guy.



to tell the story about how the Rolling Stones only agreed to appear on the popular show *Shindig!* if Wolf came on the show with them. “That brought tears to my eyes,” Guy says. “They let white America know who we were.”

Every Christmas, Guy’s father would invite an acquaintance, Henry “Coot” Smith, to the house to entertain the family. “We had a case of beer and a jug of wine, and he’d drink it up and play, and then go to the next house,” says Guy.

Coot stomped and sang songs like John Lee Hooker’s hit “Boogie Chillen’,” a hypnotizing riff with no discernible melody that in 1949 became the first electric blues song to hit Number One on the

R&B chart. Guy asked Coot to play the song seven times in a row. “I watched him pick the thing with his fingers and produce a sound that gave me goose bumps,” Guy later wrote in his autobiography, *When I Left Home*. Guy took wires off their screen door and tried to imitate the sound. “I’d also take a rubber band and put it up against my ear and bang away as long as I could hear something,” says Guy. “I just loved the sound.” Finally, when Guy was 13, his father bought Coot’s guitar for \$4.35. The first song Guy learned to play was “Boogie Chillen’.”

Just after Guy finished eighth grade, his mother had a stroke, and “everything changed,” he wrote. “She could no longer smile....I’d be hungry for that smile for the rest of my life.” (Guy plays a polka-dot Strat as a tribute to his mother; before her death in 1968, he promised he would someday buy her a polka-dot Cadillac.) Guy dropped out of school, and the family moved to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where Guy worked on a conveyor belt at a beer factory, at a service station gassing up cars and as a janitor at LSU. He’d hear on the radio hits like Waters’ “Hoochie Coochie Man” and Elmore James’ “Dust My Broom,” playing them on his guitar during breaks. He eventually learned that all those acts were in one place. “I said, ‘If I ever get a chance, I’m going to Chicago, man,’” he says. “Just to see Muddy – that’s what it was all about.”

One night in Baton Rouge, Guy spent 50 cents to hear New Orleans electric bluesman Guitar Slim at the Masonic Temple. Guy remembers being the first one to the gig and being confused when he heard Slim’s guitar but couldn’t see him. After the band started playing, Slim entered the club from outside, his Strat hooked up to a 150-foot wire. “He was slick as grease and dressed to kill,” Guy wrote, “flaming red suit, flaming red shoes, red-dyed hair.” He says now, “Whatever these guys had, I wanted a piece of that.”

By then, Guy had started performing in juke joints and roadhouses. He bought a long cord and began doing Slim’s moves. “I wanted to play like B.B. King but act like Guitar Slim,” he says. The stunt is still part of Guy’s act; these days, he prowls clubs with his wireless guitar, usually stopping at the bar to throw back a shot of cognac.

Guy would grow into a dynamic, even confrontational, performer. (One night at Legends, I see him tell a loud customer to “shut the fuck up” from the stage.) “Buddy made it nasty and naughty,” says Carlos Santana. “B.B.’s nice, Buddy is not, and I mean that in a good way. He can take off people’s heads with a few notes. He comes from that generation like Albert King and Albert Collins – it was called the cut-and-shoot crowd.”

Guy arrived in Chicago on September 25th, 1957, the date he calls his “second birthday.” (“Buddy has a phenomenal memory,” says Richards. “He can tell you the time of day he arrived in Chicago and what train he was on.”) At first, Guy stayed with a family friend named Shorty, who’d also moved from Louisiana. He crashed on Shorty’s bed during the day while he was at work, and walked the streets at night, drinking coffee in diners, waiting for Shorty to wake up.

Six months after arriving, Guy was broke, ready to call his parents for a ticket home. But then, as he tells it, a stranger on the street noticed him with his guitar case and invited him to the 708 Club, where Otis Rush allowed him to sit in. The bar owner called Waters, who came to watch. "I was telling people how hungry I was," says Guy. "And when he heard me play, he said, 'Well, how can you play like that and be hungry?'"

Waters became a "father figure" to Guy. "Muddy taught me how to drink," he says. "He gave me my first drink of whiskey and told me it would stop me from being shy. And still to this day, whenever I've got to play, I've got to have my shot before I go onstage."

Waters' friend Willie Dixon opened the door for Guy at Chess Records, where, as a session guitarist, Guy earned a reputation for being punctual and easygoing. "I was the student," he says. He played on hits by Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson, classic records like Waters' *Folk Singer* and Wolf's "Killing Floor." "They called about 7:00 in the morning, and had been trying to do it all night," says Guy of the latter. "I did it in two takes, and Leonard Chess said, 'See, you motherfuckers, I told you I could call a son of a bitch who would know how to play the fuckin' shit in two seconds.'"

"You can find an old Chess recording and pick him out pretty quickly," says Derek Trucks. "He just had a vibe – it reminds me a lot of the great funk rhythm players that came after. It's not overdriven, but it's blown out in the most beautiful way – stinging, clean and concise."

Guy made \$15 for his work on "Killing Floor." He made more during those years driving a tow truck. "I'd drive that truck until it was time to play guitar," he says. "I kept the guitar in the truck, and then I would just go into the dressing room, take a shower and go straight to the gig and play till four in the morning and lay down in the car."

It wasn't much better for the established names: Guy learned that King was only making enough "to get from one town to the next." "Muddy was the only one who had a house," he says. "Lightnin' Hopkins didn't have a house like that, or Little Walter." Chess became notorious for getting artists to sign away publishing rights: "Every time I went to Chess and I had wrote a song that they thought was pretty good, they'd tell me to let Willie Dixon hear it," says Guy. Dixon was Chess' main A&R man, talent scout, producer and songwriter. "He'd say, 'That's a pretty good song, but you need a stronger line.' And if he changed one word, it was his song."

Chess was uninterested in Guy's wilder, more adventurous playing or in him as a recording artist. "At the club, I'd be jumping off the stage, turning that am-

plifier up loud as I could get, dropping the guitar on the floor and letting it ring for five minutes," says Guy. But if "I hit a note and let it ring in the studio, Leonard Chess would say, 'Get out of here with that.'"

Guy found an outlet with longtime collaborator Junior Wells on groove-driven classics like 1965's *Hoodoo Man Blues*, which Guy played on under a pseudonym for another label. Then around 1967, with blues disciples like Clapton and Hendrix on the rise, Guy finally left Chess. He got some small satisfaction when Leonard asked him in for a meeting. "The first thing he said was, 'I want you to kick me in my ass,'" says Guy. "And I said, 'What?' He said, 'Because you've been trying to show us this shit ever since you came here

**"BUDDY MADE IT NASTY
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and we was too goddamn dumb to listen. So now this shit is selling and I want you to come in here – you can have your way in the studio.' But by then I was gone."

After leaving Chess, Guy found a home on the hippie circuit, playing the Fillmore and touring on the 1970 "Festival Express" tour with Janis Joplin, the Grateful Dead and the Band. "I thought maybe I'd get rich and make that kind of money if I followed those [rock] guys," he says. "I liked the women better than the reefer. I said, 'Y'all go smoke, and I'll watch these little gals.'" He sometimes wonders what would have happened if he had moved to the U.K. in the mid-Sixties, where Hendrix got his early buzz. "If I had went to England, I probably would have been bigger than bubblegum," he says.

Guy tends to talk himself down. "I'll tell you, man, those guys were naturals – B.B. King, Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Joe Turner," he says. "All those guys, man, had something that God gave them.... I don't have that." A few times, he refers to a local review of his performance with Clapton at the 2010 Crossroads Guitar Festival. "Eric called me out to play, and he said, 'Take a

solo.' And this motherfucker wrote that I got in Eric's way!"

Guy's sensitivity might explain why Santana unflinchingly tells him how special he is when they are together. "If he doesn't wanna see that himself, that's his own business," Santana says. "But when he's around me, I do nothing but validate that man all the time. I tell him, 'Man, you're just as important as Einstein. You're just as important as fucking Nikola Tesla. You're just as important as Coltrane and Billie Holiday. You're a trailblazer with sound – and you're still alive.'"



GUY'S DRIVEWAY BEGINS across the street from a golf course in Orlando Park. It takes a quarter mile to reach a large barn that stores a '55 T-Bird, a '56 Ford Edsel and a Ferrari that Clapton encouraged him to buy. ("I don't

want it no more now, 'cause you can't hardly get in there when you're my age," says Guy.) The large brown three-story home, which features wood-panel walls and ceramic countertops, was decorated by his ex-wife, Jennifer. He's considering putting it on the market – it's too big for him; he's almost never swum in the pool – and buying an apartment in downtown Chicago.

This hot August morning, Guy is stirring oxtail stew, which he'll drop off at the club later. "It's for my ex-wife so she leaves me alone," he jokes. Guy is friendly with both his former wives, who can sometimes be found hanging out at the bar or in the office at Legends. The entire family – wives, 10 kids, umpteen grandkids – celebrated his 79th birthday together here at the house and at the club. Guy's grandson Keith has been crashing upstairs, and today is shooting hoops in the driveway.

Guy and his second wife, Jennifer, divorced after 11 years in 2002. His first marriage, to Joan, whom he met shortly after moving to Chicago, lasted from 1959 to 1975. "She told me, 'It's me or that guitar,'" he says. "A musician's life is not easy on a family.... The two [marriages] I had, I was never here. And they would come to me and say, 'I'm tired of being by myself.' And I said, 'What the hell do you think I do when I'm on the road?' I go to one little room. When you play at the club, you got a crowd. But otherwise, I'm by myself."

He hasn't stopped looking for someone. "I see a lot of good-looking women, and I have women call me and all that, man," he says. "But I haven't had any luck. In the last three years, I didn't go to bed with 'em. I just had conversation and brought them out here and fixed them a good dinner."

Guy heads into his living room and points out some of his favorite memora-



Key to the Highway

Above: Guy performing at his Chicago club, Legends. Right: Receiving his Kennedy Center Honor from President Obama. "It's a long way from picking cotton to picking the guitar in the White House," Guy said.



bilia collected over his 60 years in the business: a photo of him grinning onstage with Clapton at the Royal Albert Hall in 1990; a thank-you note from Mick Jagger for appearing in *Shine a Light*. There's a photo of Guy with his family and the president and first lady from the first of four times Guy was invited to the Obama White House. "He's from Chicago, so he knows," Guy says of Obama. "As soon as he put his arm around me, I said, 'Mr. President, it's a long way from picking cotton to picking the guitar in the White House.' And we laughed."

Guy points out a painting of Hendrix, and tells the story of the day Hendrix brought a reel-to-reel recorder to tape Guy's guitar workshop at Newport. "Everyone was saying, 'Hendrix is here,'" Guy says. "I'm like, 'Who?' We went back to the hotel and played until the sun rose. He was so damn good, so creative."

Next to that is a painting of Stevie Ray Vaughan, playing his guitar behind his back – a trick he learned from Guy. "That one's priceless," he says. Vaughan had been a fan ever since he heard Guy singing and playing alongside Wolf and Waters on the 1963 *American Folk Festival of the Blues* LP as a kid. Whenever

Guy played Antone's nightclub in Austin, he invited Vaughan and his older brother Jimmie onstage. "He became like a big brother to us," says Jimmie. "It was such a trip." Guy played with Stevie Ray at Wisconsin's Alpine Valley in 1990 – Guy took a different helicopter back to Chicago; Vaughan's helicopter crashed, killing him and four others.

Guy is still supporting younger blues players. He routinely lets kids onstage to show off, most notably Massachusetts teenage guitar prodigy Quinn Sullivan, who first played live with Guy at seven. "Parents will bring 'em around and ask, and if they can play, I'll give them an opportunity," Guy says. "Because when I went to Chicago, everybody looked at me and said, 'Who are you?' I don't ask, 'Do you have any experience?' I just say, 'Can you play this?' If he says, 'Yeah,' I say, 'Come on up!'"

In the corner of the room, there's a jukebox stocked with records of the guys who did the same thing for Guy: Little Walter, Waters and King. "They made me

who I am," Guy says. He first heard King's 1951 hit "3 O'Clock Blues" as a teenager in Baton Rouge, and it became an early song in his repertoire. In 1958, King stopped by Guy's regular gig at the 708 Club, and offered words of encouragement, telling Guy to use straight picks, not finger picks. "I couldn't believe he was talking to me," Guy says. Later, when Guy was gigging at a Chicago nightclub that was in danger of going out of business in the Sixties, King played there for free.

Guy and King toured the world several times together until 2011, with Guy opening. "Him and I were the last ones still traveling around, taking the music around the world," he says. Guy was impressed with King's work ethic; he played 250 dates per year into his seventies. "The last time we was talking, I said, 'B, you know all the money in the world ain't no good if you can't use it,'" Guy says.

What'd they talk about on tour? "Oh, it was mostly profane," Guy says with a laugh. "With B.B., he'd play two chords and it was back to the women." (Guy likes to tell a story about King giving advice on Viagra's side effects: "Take the headache.")

When he heard King's health was failing, Guy traveled to visit him one last time at his home in Las Vegas, but some of King's kids said he didn't want to see anybody. "Families go crazy if they think you got \$10, and they're gonna fight about it," says Guy. "He was the nicest person you would ever want to meet. And I know damn well he wouldn't have told those people not to let me see him when I flew out there to see him."

Guy said goodbye to King at his funeral in Mississippi in May. "They let me get a little bit closer to his casket than anybody else – special treatment," he says. "But I had very little time to just sit there and remember the greatest things he had said to me and what we had done together. There were a lot of cameras. They showed a film of him playing, and I said, 'Man, that's what made me wanna keep playing.'"

Guy's assistant Annie stops him; he needs to tape a few social-media videos thanking his Twitter followers and promoting an appearance at a Las Vegas blues festival. Guy has touring down to a science. "I just saw that we get to play my hometown of Baton Rouge," he says at one point. He'll have an overnight bus ride after the show, but he's happy, because he'll get to stay in the house he just bought there and cook for himself: "I get off work, they rush me to the house, I take a shower, take a bowl of soup, come downstairs with my bag and head to the next gig."

"B.B. King dedicated his life to the blues until he couldn't go no more," says Guy. "Muddy, Wolf, all of them did it. Because they loved it as much as I do. And now I'm gonna do it myself. I think I owe that to them."



THE SINGING GOVERNOR
Martin O'Malley
in New Hampshire
this year



*** NATIONAL *** AFFAIRS ***

O'Malley's Long Shot

He's trailing in the polls and low on money, but even if he doesn't win, Martin O'Malley could be the future of the Democratic Party

By Stephen Rodrick

THE TREES ARE ON FIRE IN New Hampshire when Martin O'Malley says the first batshit-crazy thing that makes me want to turn my Chevy Cruze around and head for the state liquor store and then some late-October leaf-peeping. Speaking before 200 or so kids at Dartmouth College – who may or may not be getting class credit for attending – O'Malley, a buff man with bright-blue eyes, rolls up his sleeves in a vague RFK way and prowls the room with a microphone before uttering a chestnut that receives some titters: “I have a confession to make. I actually like politicians.” ¶ Later, he proudly tells me he wrote the line himself. This statement, just six weeks after the end of what O'Malley calls a political Summer of Repudiation, is why many detractors have written off his seemingly plausible – good-looking, better record – candidacy for president 100 days before the Iowa caucus. The people don't want a technocrat, someone who has built bridges, both literally and metaphorically – they want someone who is going to burn the mother to the ground. ¶ The chattering class says he's boring. And it's true he has a wonky side that can lead him down a road of dryness best characterized by a deadly speech at the 2012 Democratic Convention. The Associated Press recently described the Democratic race as a two-person contest. ¶ The irony is that on the personal side, O'Malley can be more entertaining than Hillary Clinton

and Bernie Sanders combined. He tries to hide it, but he's done some things. His band opened for the Pogues. He and his wife do a version of "Fairytale of New York." He sometimes travels with his guitar, which, depending on your dating history, is either excellent or a deal-breaker. On a recent swing through New York, he munched a grotty Penn Station sandwich and remarked with a puckish smile, "I give my best speeches as eulogies." Which makes sense because, in person, O'Malley comes across as a cockeyed optimist filtered through Irish fatalism.

But alas, Martin O'Malley is still languishing somewhere between asterisk and three percent in Iowa. So why should we care? Well, first, it's not impossible that the handsome man with a guitar could be a nice gender and generational counterpoint for Hillary. O'Malley endorsed her in 2008, and in the cavalcade of e-mails Clinton was recently forced to release, there was one about O'Malley from 2010 to a mutual friend, Maryland Sen. Barbara Mikulski: "How's our friend, Martin, doing? I know he has a rematch when he should be reelected by acclamation for steering the ship of state so well. Pls give him my best wishes."

The other reason is O'Malley has actually governed for 15 years, running a city and then a state. Baltimore's violent-crime rate drastically declined under O'Malley, and as Maryland's governor, he eliminated the death penalty, passed significant gun-control legislation and signed gay marriage into law in a Southern border state. Sanders and Clinton talk a good game on these issues, but their actual executive experience is limited to Sanders' term as mayor of Burlington, Vermont. Before Obama, experience was something that mattered. And there's O'Malley's age (the Democratic bench runs old and not deep): At 52, he is 15 years younger for a party that has always depended on young voters to counteract the GOP geriatrics.

That's the happy spin. But there are problems. Sure, it's not great he has \$800,000 in the bank, but, more important, there's a battle being waged inside the man's head: Is he a wonk or a man of the people? There are moments when he comes across as a human-head version of the FiveThirtyEight website. It's only when he rolls up the sleeves and pulls out the six-string that you see the leader he could be. O'Malley concedes the point somewhere in a car going from Nowhere, New Hampshire, to Even More Nowhere, New Hampshire. "I'm gonna just let it rip," he says, "and see what happens."

Contributing editor STEPHEN RODRICK wrote about Russell Wilson in September.

ON THE STUMP, O'MALLEY breezes over his creation story not because he isn't proud of it, but because it's just so goddamned normal.

There's no absentee father in Kenya, no Hugh Rodham belittling his daughter. He's the third child of Thomas, a World War II bombardier who went to college on the GI Bill before becoming a lawyer, and his now-87-year-old mother, Barbara, who still works as a receptionist for Sen. Mikulski. He grew up in Bethesda, Maryland, home of government bigwigs and scallywag lobbyists, just outside D.C.

O'Malley was his eighth-grade class president, but his athletic career was less successful. "I like to tell my son I mostly played 'left out,'" he says with a smile on a train from New York to Baltimore later in the week. But as the waterways of Mary-

O'Malley comes across as an optimist filtered through Irish fatalism. "I'm just gonna let it rip," he says, "and see what happens."

land pass by – many that O'Malley cleaned up as governor – he remembers his other less-publicly-varnished side. Martin's father would take him down to the Eastern Shore, where he raced through the high grass and watched the cranes fly by. "Who's the nerd with the binoculars?" he says of himself while showing off family photos on his iPad.

His parents instilled in him a Catholic sense of right and wrong and charity that his longtime friend and future chief of staff Richard Enright saw when they first met at a bus stop, where O'Malley was sharing his after-school snack with a homeless man. (OK, the guy already had his hand in the bag, but O'Malley let him munch away.) "Injustice still fires my engines," O'Malley says. He went to Gonzaga College High School and then on to Catholic University, both in the District.

He wasn't the greatest student. In his sophomore year, he began volunteering for a little-known presidential candidate named Gary Hart. O'Malley ended up taking a semester off to work on the campaign, and it changed his life.

"I came into the office one day, and we had this large filing closet that had a car

seat in it, and there was a kid passed out on it," says Phil Noble, a Hart research director and now a South Carolina campaign supporter. "Someone said, 'That's O'Malley. He's been up working for three days; let him sleep.'" A couple of months later, O'Malley was dispatched to work the Columbus, Ohio, area for Hart. When Noble and another staffer hadn't heard from him for a few days, they jumped onto a plane and went looking for the 20-year-old O'Malley. "We found him playing guitar, and he had a couple of good-looking girls with him signing up volunteers," Noble recalls. "He told us when he got 500, he was going to knock off for the night."

These days, O'Malley often references Hart's early low-standing in the Iowa polls – Hart eventually finished second – as a marker that he still has a chance despite his poll numbers. "I've been most surprised about the size of the crowds we've got," O'Malley says. "They're much larger than anything Hart got until the last week."

But there is something else that mirrors O'Malley to Hart. The Colorado senator was running a campaign against an establishment figure, former Vice President Walter Mondale, and the cards were stacked against the insurgent much like they're stacked against O'Malley, with the DNC not having had the party's first debate until October – unlike in 2008, when it'd already had nine. (The lack of debates is the one thing O'Malley didn't see coming.) Even when Hart flamed out in 1988 over an alleged extramarital affair, O'Malley wasn't angry with him.

"It was like a death at the time," he says. Hart called to say he was sorry he let him down, but O'Malley told him he'd sent him a letter that, he recalls, said, "You've given me a gift that a lot of people never ever receive, and over the course of a whole life, you've shown me that one person can make a difference."

BACK IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, O'Malley has moved on to Plymouth, a small hamlet on the Vermont border. His campaign is a generational one; days before Joe Biden declined to run, O'Malley said the Biden generation was already well-represented with Clinton and Sanders. The problem is that voters are old. Before a collection of 20 or 25 mostly senior citizens, he starts talking about one of his pet projects: his plan to move the United States to a clean-energy electric grid by 2050, a time when most of the attendees will be dust in the wind.

"In every generation, we have sown forth new leadership that occurs from within to square our shoulders to the great challenge of our times," says O'Malley. "What am I



The Best of Rivals

Above: Clinton, Sanders and O'Malley before the Jefferson Jackson Dinner in Iowa. Left: Running for mayor of Baltimore in 1999. As mayor, he locked up 100,000 people in his first year in office and achieved a dramatic drop in crime, but was accused of draconian tactics, complicating his legacy.

talking about? I'm talking about climate change. The greatest business opportunity to come to the United States in a hundred years!"

It sounds a little snake-oily, but there's extensive writing on his campaign website about tax credits for wind energy and other inducements. There's a Hart-esque futuristic thinking to many of O'Malley's campaign proposals, including one that would make the senior year of high school more proactive by helping students achieve college credit or learn a modern skill, like coding. "They often call senior year 'the wasted year,'" O'Malley says at a later event. Then he grins. "Wasted in different ways for different people."

He ends the night having beers at a local dive with campaign staffers and college students from Plymouth State. He likes playing the generation card with the kids, much like Hart might have. "Do you

remember the last time the Democratic Party nominated a nonincumbent challenger in their sixties?" O'Malley asks. "1856. James Buchanan." He smiles. "That didn't work out that great."

The next day, O'Malley begins his morning with a town-hall meeting at Wayfarer Coffee Roaster, a coffee shop in Laconia. (After leaving, he excitedly mentions "The Wayfarer" is one of his favorite poems by writer and Irish revolutionary Padraic Pearse. He clears his throat and recites the first lines: "The beauty of the world hath made me sad/This beauty that will pass.") He spends the afternoon with recovering addicts at a rehab center in Manchester – addiction-recovery programs are one of O'Malley's campaign platforms. Later, he works a town hall in a Nashua pub, a beer near his side. Most of the drunken crowd is getting ready for Michigan to punt the game away to Michigan

State, but O'Malley talks about the burgeoning wind economy and his position as the first candidate to call for the United States to accept 65,000 Syrian immigrants. There's applause, but the unvarnished O'Malley – political crusader, hale guitarist well met – remains on a shelf during his public remarks. Sure, he goes after the NRA, shouting, "I'm not going to cower from the NRA, regardless of what state I'm in. We've buried far too many of our sons and daughters from gun violence. We're the only advanced nation in the world who has this problem. I intend to campaign on it." But his fiery self, an Irish-American cliché but true, only comes out after the canned remarks end and he's mingling with a beer in hand. One punter asks him about urban unemployment, and O'Malley eagerly nods. "If we don't get the city jobs," he says, "we can't be surprised when they pick up stones and start throwing them."

BUT PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES don't live on policy platforms alone. Humiliations must be endured. On a recent Monday in New York, O'Malley goes on *The View* and sings about 40 seconds of Taylor Swift's "Bad Blood." The women of *The View* join in, and it is a hefty slice of cute and cringe. Suddenly, the campaign has become an unproduced Aaron Sorkin movie. Afterward, in a car moving downtown toward Penn Station, O'Malley doesn't immediately mention his possible pop-culture war crime, but instead, apropos of nothing, discloses that it's the ninth anniversary of a close friend's death: "He was a good man; he helped me a lot." For a man of 52, he often talks of friends past and how quickly time gets away from all of us. Then he shifts back into the now. "Hey, I met Kevin Costner backstage – he told me to keep doing what I'm doing," O'Malley says, before finally bringing up the song. "What do you think? Was that a good idea?"

Haley Morris, his effervescent press secretary, assures him that it was awesome. (His wife is less enthusiastic: "I think Taylor Swift and Ryan Adams have really done that song justice, and it needs nobody else.") He makes a fundraising call and then jumps out onto Eighth Avenue, and I can see one of his shoes has a hole in it, like Adlai Stevenson's in the famous political photo.

Until a week or so ago, O'Malley had largely put his guitar away, which was a considerable sacrifice since he's been playing in his band, O'Malley's March, for more than 20 years. He played on the weekends throughout college and after he began law school in Baltimore. It was there that he

met his future wife, Katie Curran, who is now a state judge and is the daughter of J. Joseph Curran, Maryland's former attorney general. But in 2005, opponents began spreading rumors that O'Malley had been unfaithful, rumors that were never proved and eventually traced back to an aide of Gov. Bob Ehrlich, the man O'Malley would unseat in 2006. O'Malley grew older, and now, with four kids, the novelty of the guitar-playing executive began to wear thin. He started to act more like a grown-up, to the detriment of his public image. "The one guy who told me I should never stop playing music was Katie's father," O'Malley says.

But stop he did, for the most part. The placing of the Yamaha acoustic in the back closet marked a line of demarcation in O'Malley's reputation as a politician. Before, he was the boy mayor fighting crime on the drug corners of Baltimore. Then he became the policy-obsessed governor worried about polluted oyster beds and equal pay for women. The thing is, both sides existed before and after the rumors – they just became accentuated, and the man who was once seen as a bright young up-and-comer in American politics began to be dismissed as a stiff in a blue suit.

"There's always been a battle between the Martin I know and the dry, clinical policy guy he can often be," says Steve Kearney, a longtime friend and political aide. "We've had many, many discussions about it." Kearney pauses and laughs. "The thing about him running for president is this is the real Martin. He's having more fun than anyone else."

SHORTLY AFTER MARTIN O'Malley was elected to the Baltimore City Council, in 1991, at the age of 27 – his father-in-law being a Maryland power broker didn't hurt – he met a father of four named Robert Nowlin in the drug-ravaged neighborhood of Pen Lucy in North Baltimore. He talked of his row house being riddled with machine-gun fire and the elderly not being able to go outside because of drug trafficking on their stoops. Nowlin had started a neighborhood-watch association that was particularly notable because Nowlin is blind. O'Malley attended block meetings, sometimes with the drug dealers slinging bottles at him, but couldn't get

then-Mayor Kurt Schmoke to redirect police resources to neighborhoods like Nowlin's. By 1999, O'Malley had enough and was ready to quit the council and go into private practice. But then Kweisi Mfume, Schmoke's presumed successor, opted not to run. O'Malley was thinking of jumping into the race, but in a 60 percent black city,

According to Kearney, O'Malley got in at seven percent, but 88 days later, he was elected mayor. The year before his election, Baltimore saw 315 murders, comparable to 3,500 in a year in New York City. He went through a string of police commissioners and relied on consultants like Jack Maple, one of the architects of Rudy Giuliani's broken-

windows crime policy earlier in the decade, and began arresting everyone who was breaking the law. And when I say everyone, I mean 100,000 arrests in a city of 673,000 in 1999. But crime dropped. Under O'Malley, Baltimore's decade-long string of 300-plus murders a year ended. Violent crime plummeted 41 percent. It's a stat O'Malley's campaign trumpets, but his opponents claim it was because his administration cooked the numbers, an allegation never proved.

(O'Malley's policing critics – and they are legion – would say there were other factors, including an uptick in the economy, that dropped the crime rate, but it was a net positive for O'Malley as he prepared his gubernatorial bid.)

As governor, O'Malley moved to other issues. He banned the death penalty and passed a gun-registration law that even the NRA didn't challenge. He redistributed education money, leading to Maryland having the top public schools in the country for five years. He remained hugely popular with black voters. In short, he was well-positioned for a 2016 run.

And then Freddie Gray died after being taken for a "rough ride" by Baltimore cops last April. There were riots and calls that the inherent brutality of the Baltimore Police Department could be directly tied to O'Malley's draconian policies. Despite not holding any office, O'Malley flew back from a planned trip to Ireland, where he was going to give paid speeches, and walked the streets of Baltimore. He said it was the least he could do.

"I walked into this big crowd of people, and I heard this young voice shout at me, 'Hey, O'Malley,'" he recalls. "I look up at this guy in a tank-top T-shirt, and he points at me, and the crowd looks over like, 'Uh-oh.' For the first time in 15 years, I didn't have any executive protection, and he shouts, 'You know what I've always liked about you? Your heart – you never lost it.'" (Others recall the O'Malley walk differ-



The Happy Campaigner

Jamming on the trail and with his wife, Katie, a Maryland judge. "The thing about him running for president," one aide says, "is he's having more fun than anyone else."

his aides told him, it would be political suicide. O'Malley ended up running anyway. "I realized that saying I wouldn't run because I'm white is like saying the electorate couldn't fairly consider the candidacy because they are black," he recalls. "And I became repulsed and ashamed that I had let myself think like that."

ently, citing heckling and the sense that he was not eager to linger on the city's streets.)

At the first Democratic debate, Anderson Cooper cited the arrest numbers and wondered aloud why Americans would choose to elect such a man as their president. O'Malley responded that the Baltimore he inherited was "the most violent, addicted and abandoned city in America." But it was his campaign's first introduction on the national stage, and O'Malley admits the question was "a kick in the teeth."

Some long-term residents like Nowlin, who spoke at O'Malley's campaign announcement, have no time for the Anderson Coopers of the world. "They're using revisionist history," Nowlin said. "They don't have any idea how horrible it was in Baltimore. Anderson Cooper wasn't here back then." He let out a sad laugh. "But Martin O'Malley was."

A FEW DAYS AFTER NASHUA, O'Malley sits in Lily's Diner, a Baltimore politico haunt. His aide says he was at Mass, but O'Malley corrects that upon arrival: "I was catching up with my wife. If I was at Mass, I'd have been on time."

Recently, *Forbes* named O'Malley the poorest of the presidential candidates, and he admits that with four kids' tuition costs and no Jeb Bush years in the private sector, the family has more in common with the middle-class worries of Americans than most candidates. He excuses himself to go make four hours of fundraising calls that got slightly easier when Biden announced he was not running. "The calls got more interesting after that," O'Malley tells me.

Later, after a rousing speech at a campaign stop in D.C., I feel semibad, as we pop beers on the train ride home, to tell him what former *Baltimore Sun* reporter and *Wire* creator David Simon had to say about his policing. I slide my phone across the table so he can read Simon's words:

"His claims of 40 percent reduction in crime in Baltimore or to having saved 1,500 lives are ridiculous, planet-sized fabrications," Simon wrote. "He destroyed any real police deterrent in Baltimore and wrecked community-department relations. And now he's plucking out claimed numbers like Joe McCarthy counting communists in order to justify the mass abuse of black citizens."

O'Malley's shoulders sag momentarily, but then he juts out his chin as if daring someone to take a swing.

"Every day, we worked to improve police and community relations," he says. "And if we hadn't, I would not have been re-elected with over 88 percent of the vote, nor would I have received such strong support from Baltimore city when I ran for govern-

nor, especially in the parts of Baltimore that saw the biggest changes in terms of open-air drug markets and open-air drug dealing."

The issue rankles his judge wife just as much. "It's just a lack of facts," says Katie O'Malley. "People voted for him twice. He got re-elected in a majority African-American city two times, because people wanted him to crack down on crime. And any kind of crime – crime leading to violent crime. Whether they were just smoking marijuana, or whether they were on the streets with an open container. The crime was happening in these majority African-American neighborhoods, and people voted for him because they said, 'We want our neighborhoods back.'"

Martin O'Malley tries to keep his temper in check, but also wants you to know it's there. "It never ceases to surprise me how readily dismissive white liberal people can be of the opinions of black people,

"They don't know how horrible Baltimore was," says one supporter. "Anderson Cooper wasn't here then. But O'Malley was."

when they express it in their vote," he says, taking a long pull on his beer.

Less than an hour later, we disembark in Baltimore, and O'Malley bumps into former VP candidate and Democrat out-cast Joseph Lieberman, who says in passing, "Keep doing what you're doing." As O'Malley walks to get a dinner consisting of meatballs and a cheeseburger, he wrinkles his brow. "Is that good?"

About 10 hours later, O'Malley boards a flight from BWI to Charleston, South Carolina. There is a noon event to talk about gun control, but he disappears for an hour after landing. Only after his sparsely attended event does he tell me where he went. About 18 months ago, he'd come to the Emanuel AME Baptist Church in Charleston and met in the basement with the Rev. Clementa Pinckney, a state senator, on the issues of criminal-justice reform and inner-city violence. In June, Pinckney and eight others were gunned down in the basement by Dylann Roof, a man O'Malley maintains should never have been able to buy a weapon. I ask him what it felt like to be back in the same space.

"There are some things that are impossible to make any sense of – all you can do is be present and trust that which others intended for evil, God can pull some good out of it if we work with him," O'Malley says. "You can be present for your neighbors and with your neighbors, and somehow, that does make things better." He pauses for a moment. "Especially if we resolve to take action in the wake of this tragedy and not simply shake our heads."

FOR ALL HIS TALK OF DEMOCRATIC civility and hope contrasted with the Trumps and Cruzes of the world, O'Malley must go on the attack if he wants any Democratic voters to give him a look. His people would say Democratic voters had to meet him before he could start attacking their icons. But O'Malley needs to push – after all, he's held issues longer and stronger and actually got things done.

He starts the shift on October 24th, when he speaks at the Jefferson Jackson Dinner in Des Moines, before thousands of Democratic activists, with the Iowa caucus now only 100 days away. Clinton brought Katy Perry, and Sanders brought buses full of students. O'Malley? He's sandwiched in the middle, his supporters loud but in the cheap seats. He appears jacketless and starts dry in his dreaded wonk voice and can't seem to decide whether to roll up his sleeves or let them dangle. But he speaks with anger about taking America back from the NRA and ending the carnage of gun violence. The most important plea is for the country to step forward and leave the Clinton age behind. At the same time, O'Malley gets in a dig at Sanders' evolving gun-control position and Clinton's own policy realignments:

"In 100 days, the people of Iowa will decide. New leadership, or the same old battles? Actions, or words?... A weather vane shifts in the wind, effective leaders do not."

I notice, for the first time in a week, he'd left out the "I like politicians" line. O'Malley leaves the stage to thunderous applause, much of it from supporters of his opponents. On Monday, he goes on the offensive, saying Clinton has changed her position on everything except coddling bankers. The wonk is letting it rip and has a smile on his face. Afterward, one hopeful poll shows a slight uptick in his numbers, from three to five percent, but his chances remain smaller than the font you're reading.

But maybe it doesn't matter. People are listening to Martin O'Malley's song. And they are not bored. 



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"If tomorrow you won't be mine/
Won't you give it to me one last time?/
Oh, baby, let me love you, goodbye."
—ONE DIRECTION, "Love You, Goodbye"

Ultimate Clash of the Teen-Pop Titans

Justin Bieber asks fans to take him back, while One Direction move toward the exit



Justin Bieber

Purpose RBMG/Def Jam
★★★½

One Direction

Made in the A.M. Syco/Columbia
★★★★

BY ROB SHEFFIELD

Justin Bieber and One Direction have always been the yin and yang of the pop-idol game, but never more so than now. They bring opposite agendas to their new LPs: Bieber is the comeback kid, begging for forgiveness and vowing to be a better Bieber. But 1D are racing for the exit – after announcing a split (hopefully temporary, because life is harsh enough), they've got a few parting gifts for their girl-almighty fan army. The records sound nothing alike, but they have the same moral: Teen girls are the only fans that matter. And if you're a dude singer, you treat those girls right, because they can make you or break you at will.

Purpose comes after Bieber's take-me-back moment at the VMAs, weeping onstage. It's full of motivational Bieb-talk



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Reviews

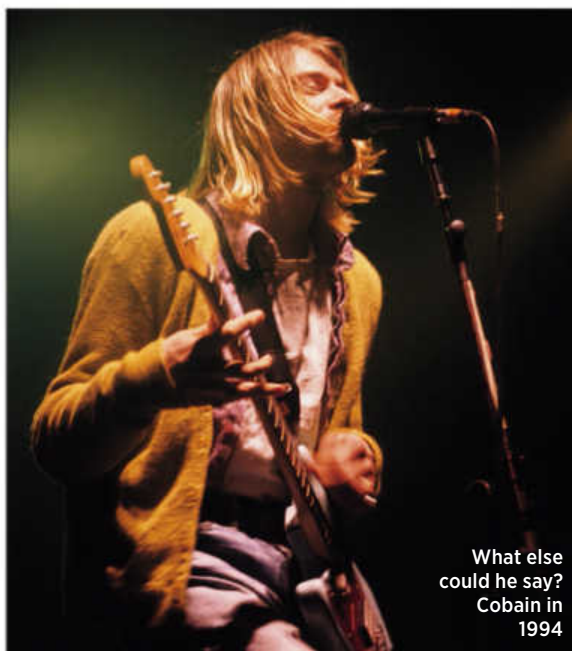
about the realness of the Bieber struggle: Find your "Purpose" and realize "Life Is Worth Living," because Bieber is for the "Children." His midtempo R&B gets welcome boosts from Skrillex (the synth-elephant blurts in "Sorry" and "Where Are Ü Now"), Halsey and Travis Scott. Unlikely maturity mentor Big Sean adds some entertainingly cloddish flair: "I eat the Cookie like I'm Lucious!"

Made in the A.M. is 1D's *Let It Be*. The cover has Beatles-worthy body language: four boys on a cheap couch, Liam Payne and Niall Horan smiling in opposite directions, Louis Tomlinson and Harry Styles staring defiantly into your eyes. Lots of sensitive breakup songs here – hey, girl, before you go, let's toast the minibars and expensive cars, the good champagne and private planes. But it sure doesn't sound like a band that's hanging it up, because all four are on a roll musically, chasing the rock vibe of *Midnight Memories* and *Four*. The Brit-pop loop "Hey Angel" is a dead ringer for the Verve's "Bittersweet Symphony," and "What a Feeling" splices hooks from at least six different Fleetwood Mac hits. And in case you thought they were flawless, there's the folksy "I Want to Write You a Song" – please, guys, no boat symbolism on the solo LPs, OK?

"Walking in the Wind" comes from a noble boy-band tradition: the ballad that bids farewell to the audience at the end of the gold rush, à la the Bay City Rollers' "The Way I Feel Tonight" or the Backstreet Boys' "Shape of My Heart." There's nothing coy about it, with lines like "Goodbyes are bittersweet" and "We had some times, didn't we?" 1D reprise the sentiment in the finale, "A.M.," which all four co-wrote, joining their voices: "Swimming around in our glasses/ And talking out of our asses." Talk about going out on top. 

LISTEN NOW!

Hear key tracks from these albums at RollingStone.com/albums.



What else could he say? Cobain in 1994

Revealing Kurt Cobain at His Most Raw

Rare demos, stoner experiments and more unearthed from late star's home archives

Kurt Cobain *Montage of Heck:*

The Home Recordings Universal ★★★★★



This powerful collection – a companion to the HBO documentary *Montage of Heck* – plays like Kurt Cobain's phantom memoir. Director Brett Morgen went through 200 hours of cassette tapes to find these song sketches and demos. Some of the 31 tracks will resonate only with deep Nirvana scholars, and the album could be seen as stretching an incredible legacy a little too thin. But it's surprising how much of it is compelling, even revelatory – including a pair of acoustic instrumentals ("The Happy Guitar," "Retreat"), the grueling "She Only Lies," and Cobain's last recorded song, "Do Re Mi (Medley)."

As in the film, the feedback loop between Cobain's tormented upbringing in Aberdeen, Washington, and his pained genius is revealed starkly. On the demo for "Rehash," he works a power-sludge riff and yells "solo" and "chorus," telescoping the music into a more fully formed future. Just a few tracks later, he gives a spoken-word reading that describes a teenage suicide attempt. It's one of many moments here that show how Cobain could be at once self-canceling and self-mythologizing, scarily aware that even if he hated himself and wanted to die, his most inchoate or slapdash creations deserved a chronicle. He was right, of course, in spite of himself.

JON DOLAN



Billy Gibbons and the BFGs

Perfectamundo Concord ★★★★★

ZZ Top guitarist goes solo, throws a loose, groovy party

On his first-ever solo outing, ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons marries his band's bedrock Texas-blues boogie with more recent obsessions, most prominently Afro-Cuban rhythms. It's the sound of a Havana moon shining down on Rio Grande mud. Gibbons' musical anthropology is loving and loose, with nods to hip-hop and funk (the "Legs" callback "You're What's Happenin' Baby"), Stones-y rock & roll (on "Piedras Negras") and Sixties soul (a tight slide through Roy Head's 1965 hit "Treat Her Right"). It doesn't all come together seamlessly. But the same rumbling gravitas that fired *Eliminator* keeps things flowing.

JON DOLAN



Ellie Goulding

Delirium Interscope ★★★★★½

The British pop singer with the one-of-a-kind voice soars high

U.K. pop star Ellie Goulding's third album opens with her 3D-operatic voice tilting high enough to massage a palace ceiling. It's a nod to Goulding's Kate Bush art-folk pedigree on an LP that channels that razzle-dazzle into a dance-pop blow-out akin to her pal Taylor Swift's 1989. Goulding pours it out over tracks written with Greg Kurstin, Ryan Tedder and Max Martin, while honoring her rave-y and post-Adele sides. The material doesn't always feel worthy of her ambitions, but Goulding is technically peerless and versatile. Whether on the Eighties-tinted snuglet "Around U" or Martinized gushers like "Codes" and "Army," she crushes every glassy jam.

JON DOLAN



Chris Isaak

First Comes the Night Vanguard ★★★

Rockabilly's greatest modern ambassador goofs off, with mostly fun results

Reinvention must be challenging for Chris Isaak, who's long branded himself the suavest living Elvis-style crooner. Alongside his valiant attempt to add gravitas to the judging panel of this season's *X Factor Australia* comes his latest, a nouveau-retro Nashville session that dials back that gravitas instead. "Don't Break My Heart" is a campy cha-cha driven by TV-game-show organ, and Isaak has never sung anything as wicked as "Down in Flames," a rockabilly strut with Jordanaire-esque backing that hip-swivels through a death wish ("Kennedy got it in a Lincoln/Caesar got it in the back"). It's a fun set, but hit-or-miss, and in the end the best songs are played straight. See "Kiss Me Like a Stranger," awash in brushed snares and Bigsby-bar vibrato, a ballad that, true to form, conjures a 1950s David Lynch dream sequence, down to the scent of Brylcreem.

WILL HERMES



Demi Lovato

Confident Hollywood/Island ★★★★★½

Ex-Disney star builds on 'Cool for the Summer' with a strong, sleek album

Demi Lovato's fifth studio LP is the album she was born to make: a brassy, sleek, dynamic pop production that lets her powerful voice soar to new emotional highs. It kicks off with the fast and furious title track, a bright jolt of energy that sounds like a video game in the best way. Her shoulda-been-song-of-the-summer single "Cool for the Summer" remains fresh, fun and sexy; on "Kingdom Come," she takes a luxurious dip in post-"Dark Horse" trap pop, which works brilliantly until guest MC Iggy Azalea's faux-Big Sean flow drowns the song's buzz. But the most impressive thing about *Confident* is Lovato's mastery of the power-ballad form — check the raw soul she brings to "Stone Cold." Better still is "Father," a gospel-infused dedication to Lovato's late, abusive father that closes out the album by showing just how much this former Disney star has grown.

BRITTANY SPANOS

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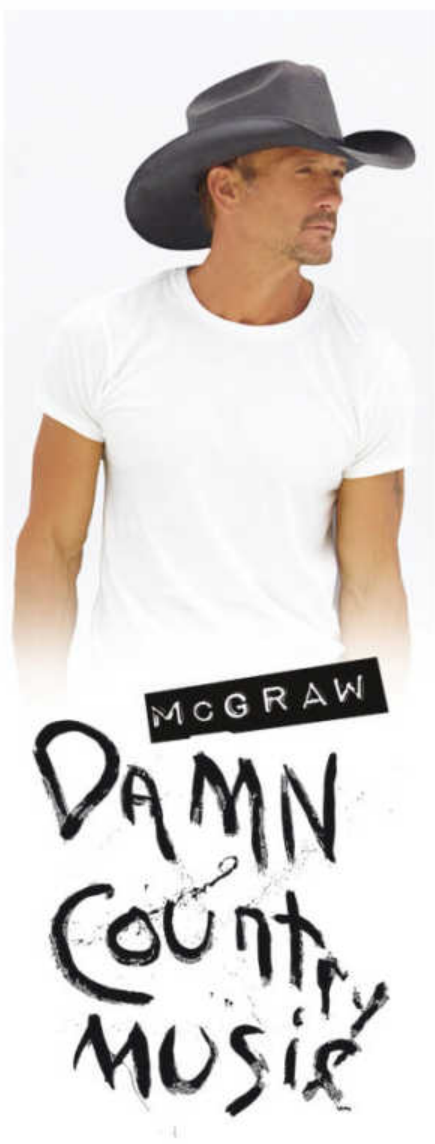


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Reviews

Update: Reissues

In the Studio and Onstage With Dylan and Velvets

BOB DYLAN AND LOU REED took vastly different routes to their world-changing music – Dylan finding his bedrock in the ancient power and strangeness of folk music, Reed in the infinite possibilities of R&B rhythm guitar. But listening to newly released collections of work tapes and live recordings, it's fascinating to hear both assemble some of their greatest songs. For a period of a few years in the Sixties, each made music so inexhaustible that it continues to pour forth revelations almost half a century later.

Over 110 tracks on six CDs, Dylan's *The Cutting Edge* chronicles the 14 months that produced *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde*. (A two-CD best-of and an 18-CD collectors edition also are available.) Dylan starts out in January 1965 as an intrepid explorer, discovering new country as the studio musicians stumble behind him with no map to follow. But by June, as work on "Like a Rolling Stone" begins, he's drawing power from the band assembled around guitar visionary Mike Bloomfield; now he's a gang member, fighting in concert with those alongside him. As the sessions shift to Nashville in February 1966 for *Blonde on Blonde*, the gang only gets louder, meaner and, amazingly enough, more tender.

Six CDs of this may be too much for many – the isolated instrumental tracks for "Like a Rolling Stone" are certainly only for the sort of people who insist on reading Proust in the original French – and the decision to pile up drafts of these songs without the finished versions can feel like work without reward. But every shift, every stop and start, also provides a chance to hear familiar songs anew, as they come into being.

The four live Velvet Underground sets from 1969 heard on *The Complete Matrix Tapes* offer something similar: repetition and revelation from a band that refused to distinguish between the two.



Dylan in 1966

Bob Dylan *The Cutting Edge* ★★★★★½

The Velvet Underground
The Complete Matrix Tapes ★★★★★

The Velvet Underground
Loaded: Re-Loaded 45th Anniversary Edition ★★★★★½

The soundboard tapes provide startling intimacy on three versions of "I'm Waiting for the Man" that trade clattering urgency for mournfully placid Jimmy Reed-style blues, and when a 37-minute "Sister Ray"

lifts off into a brute-force drone it's both exhilarating and terrifying. The latest reissue of 1970's *Loaded* is more problematic – most of this material has seen the light of day already, and a new live set from Philadelphia sounds like a bootleg of a bootleg. But even that has its treasures: two *Loaded* tunes at the end – "Train Round the Bend"

and "Oh! Sweet Nuthin'" – that exchange the pop niceties of the studio versions for minimalist guitar pulse that becomes towering. "I think that was fantastic," says Reed at the end of a raw early studio take of *Loaded*'s "Lonesome Cowboy Bill." It's not. But it sure is interesting.

JOE LEVY



The Velvet Underground

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By Peter Travers

From Bond Geeks With Love

If this really is Daniel Craig's final round as 007, and it damn well looks it, he's giving fans a killer farewell

Spectre

Daniel Craig, Christoph Waltz, Léa Seydoux

Directed by Sam Mendes

★★★★½

IF THERE IS SUCH A THING as "James Bond's Greatest Hits," then *Spectre* is it. The 25th movie about the British MI6 agent with a license to kill is party time for Bond fans, a fierce, funny, gorgeously produced valentine to the longest-running franchise in movies. Bond freaks will be orgasmic playing spot-the-reference to the series that began in 1962 with *Dr. No*.

Non-freaks still have Daniel Craig to feast on. In a photo finish with Sean Connery as the best of the six movie Bonds, Craig comes out blazing. He's a blunt instrument in a creamy Tom Ford tux, alive with danger and sexual swag. This is Craig's fourth time as 007. After the abysmal *Quantum of Solace*, he rallied with *Skyfall*, the biggest boffo Bond (\$1.1 billion worldwide). Craig's stated goal was to make *Spectre* "better than *Skyfall*." Not quite. *Casino Royale*, Craig's first go-round, remains his peak, the film that caught Bond in the act of inventing himself.

Spectre carries on Craig's reinvention of Bond, blowing a reported \$250 million budget on spectacular action without losing what's personal. *Skyfall* director Sam Mendes is back to keep things real, but the plot cooked up by John Logan, Neal Purvis, Robert Wade and



SHAKEN AND STIRRED As James Bond, Craig digs through the wreckage, finding an old foe (Waltz) and a new love (Seydoux).

Then Bond is off to Rome, chasing bad guys in a custom Aston Martin DB10 and having sex with Sciarra's widow (Monica Bellucci, still wowza at 51). The widow is Bond's entree to Spectre, a secret society of global terrorists led by Franz Oberhauser (Christoph Waltz), a mystery man from Bond's orphan past. "I'm the author of all your pain," says Franz, whose ID is easy to guess. No spoilers, except to say that Waltz, purring with lethal charm, is perfection.

Back at MI6, Bond and the new M (Ralph Fiennes) face a new enemy, C, short for Max Denbigh (a smarmy Andrew Scott). He's a bureaucrat who wants to refit British intelligence for the digital era: drones in place of agents and the end of the 00 program, which made spycraft hands-on. So it's Bond, M, Moneypenny (Naomie Harris) and gadget-master Q (a wonderful Ben Whisaw) against the cyber-Nazis on one side, Spectre on the other.

Spectre even offers a fresh take on the Bond girl. She's Madeleine Swann (Léa Seydoux), a French doctor with a name out of Proust and no patience for Bond's swinging, macho lifestyle. She puts the randy spy in touch with his feminist side and, just maybe, lasting love.

Not buying it? Too candy-ass? I see your point. But Bond's train fight with a hulk called Hinx (Dave Bautista) recalls the brutal choo-choo classic in *From Russia With Love*. Craig puts heat and heart into *Spectre*, as if he's taken Bond as far he can. The movie is a fever dream of all the Bond villains and all of Bond's efforts to see a life past them. An exhausted Craig has said he'd rather "slash my wrists" than play Bond again. There's still one more film in his contract, but to quote Sam Smith's Bond song, "The writing's on the wall." If so, *Spectre* is a stirring, way-cool valedictory. Craig does himself proud.

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Movies

Being Blacklisted in Big, Bad, Old-School Hollywood

Trumbo

Bryan Cranston, Helen Mirren, John Goodman

Directed by Jay Roach

★★½

A HOLLYWOOD SCREEN-writer goes broke fighting for his principles. Sounds like a biopic slog, and sometimes it is. Luckily, *Trumbo* has a powerhouse Bryan Cranston to light a fire under the moldier clichés in John McNamara's script.

Cranston plays the hell out of Dalton Trumbo, who got rich writing movies in the 1930s and 1940s. Trumbo had a big personality to match his ego. He'd write in his bathtub, booze and cigarettes at the ready, barking at wife Cleo (Diane Lane) and their three children if they disturbed him.



Mirren and Cranston talk movie shop.

Trumbo's bubble burst when he joined the Communist Party. In 1947, he was called to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, along with nine other screenwriters. He refused to name names and spent nearly a year in jail. As part of the blacklisted Hollywood 10, Trumbo lost job, home, fortune and famous friends, and used a pseudonym to write *Roman Holiday* and *The Brave One*, winning two Oscars that he couldn't take credit for.

Kudos to director Jay Roach for not wallowing

in misery. His movie is bracing and buoyant when Trumbo takes on gossip gorgon Hedda Hopper (a wicked Helen Mirren) and writes cheapies for the King brothers (Stephen Root and a hilarious John Goodman). When Kirk Douglas hired Trumbo to write *Spartacus* in 1960, the Commie witch hunt was exposed as the sham it was. Witch hunts haven't gone, they've gone global (ask the folks at *Charlie Hebdo*). Cranston shows us there's nothing retro about watching Trumbo in his glory, speaking truth to power. **B**

The Art of Political Spinning

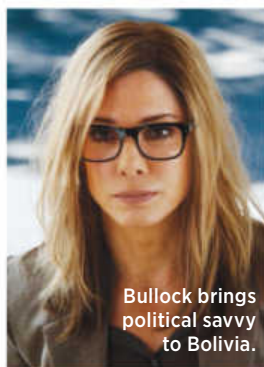
Our Brand Is Crisis

Sandra Bullock

Directed by David Gordon Green

★★★

POLITICAL SATIRE NEEDS creative juice to hit its targets. The live wire in *Our Brand Is Crisis* is Sandra Bullock, who is fiercely funny and touching as "Calamity" Jane Bodine. She's an American campaign strategist now jobbing in Bolivia to jump-start the



Bullock brings political savvy to Bolivia.

stalled presidential campaign of Castillo (Joaquim de Almeida). Jane's allergic to everything in Bolivia, from the altitude to Castillo's arrogance. She can play dirty, but not as dirty as her old foe Pat Candy (Billy Bob

Thornton, doing a hilarious take on real-life strategist James Carville), who's reping the leading candidate, Rivera (Louis Arcella).

Based on Rachel Boynton's 2005 documentary, this fictional spin on a real election makes a timely fit for today's campaign antics. Director David Gordon Green and screenwriter Peter Straughan sometimes stumble (Trump trumps anything they can make up), but the laughs keep firing. And Bullock, in tandem with Thornton and a stellar Zoe Kazan as a researcher who actually understands the country she's gaming, never lets hypocrisy out of her comic kill zone. **B**



Ronan finds love with Cohen in a new world.

A Rare Thing of Beauty

Brooklyn

Saoirse Ronan

Directed by John Crowley

★★★★½

THERE WILL BE BIGGER, wilder, weightier movies this year, but none lovelier than *Brooklyn*. I relished every moonstruck minute of it. The astonishing Saoirse Ronan (*Atonement*, *Hanna*) lights up the screen in a performance that takes a piece of your heart. Set in 1952, the film examines the immigrant experience through the eyes of Eilis Lacey (Ronan), a shy girl whose life in economically strapped Ireland is squeezing her options. She can either be a burden at home to her mother and sister or get on that boat to New York and try to eke out a living in a strange land.

Skillfully and movingly directed by John Crowley (*Boy A*, *Intermission*), the movie makes Eilis' loneliness palpable as she moves into a boardinghouse run with a firm hand by Ma Kehoe (a feisty, first-rate Julie Walters). But with the help of a priest (Jim Broadbent) and an empathetic floor manager (Jessica Paré) at the department store where she works, the homesick Eilis begins to emerge from her shell.

Love, of course, is a prime factor. At a local dance, Eilis meets Tony (Emory Cohen), an Italian plumber with a brash yen for this fair colleen. Cohen electrifies the movie and Eilis. He's dynamite, transforming a stock role into something wonderfully fresh and exciting. Eilis is shy and virginal but no pushover, and Ronan plays her with robust resilience. This culture-clash romance gives the film an erotic charge that explains why Eilis seriously thinks about putting down roots on alien turf.

For a time, at least. Called back to Ireland for a family crisis, the newly independent Eilis takes measure of what she's lost. Now she can find a job, care for her mother and build a connection with Jim Farrell (a splendid Domhnall Gleeson), the laddie she once rejected as a clubbish snob.

Can Eilis really go home again? Can any of us? That's the question that courses through this probing, passionate film. Is home where the heart is, or is it vice versa? In a grown-up world, love gets complicated with responsibility. The transporting script that Nick Hornby has carved out of Colm Tóibín's bestseller is a model of screen adaptation. And the actors fill the space between words with humor and aching tenderness. *Brooklyn* is easily the year's best and most beguiling love story. The surprise is that it also goes deeper, sadder and truer.

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RS 193 AUGUST 14TH, 1975

Neil Young's Way

Cameron Crowe caught Neil Young during a tumultuous time for the singer's first solo appearance on the cover of *ROLLING STONE*: Young had just crushed the hopes of a CSNY reunion, walking away from a planned album with Crosby, Stills and Nash and delivering the relatively uncommercial *Tonight's the Night* to his label instead. "You gotta keep changing," Young told Crowe as they rode down Sunset Boulevard in a red Mercedes. "Shirts, old ladies, whatever. I'd rather keep changing and lose a lot of people along the way. If that's the price, I'll pay it. I don't give a shit if my audience is a hundred or a hundred million. What sells and what I do are two completely different things."

1975: On the Charts

Week of August 16th

- 1 "Someone Saved My Life Tonight" Elton John *MCA*
- 2 "Jive Talkin'" Bee Gees *RSO*
- 3 "I'm Not in Love" 10CC *Mercury*
- 4 "Rhinestone Cowboy" Glen Campbell *Capitol*
- 5 "Why Can't We Be Friends?" War *United Artists*
- 6 "One of These Nights" The Eagles *Asylum*
- 7 "How Sweet It Is" James Taylor *Warner Bros.*
- 8 "Please Mr. Please" Olivia Newton-John *MCA*
- 9 "Fallin' in Love" Hamilton, Joe Frank and Reynolds *Playboy*
- 10 "The Rockford Files" Mike Post *MGM*

Reviewed in the Issue

Lou Reed

Metal Machine Music *RCA*



"In its droning, shapeless indifference, *Metal Machine Music* is hopelessly old-fashioned. After a decade of aesthetic outrages, four sides of what sounds like the tubular groaning of a galactic refrigerator just aren't going to inflame the bourgeoisie (whoever they are) or repel his fans (since they'll just shrug and wait for the next collection)."

In the News

Keith Busted in Arkansas

The Rolling Stones had a day off between stops in Memphis and Dallas on their 1975 U.S. tour, so Keith Richards and Ron Wood thought it would be fun to drive through the South. They were pulled over in Fordyce, Arkansas (population 5,000), for reckless driving, and the cops found cocaine and a hunting knife in the car. "I've never had a case like that before," said the 26-year-old arresting officer, who noted he preferred country to rock. "But it's all in the job."



Richards in 1975

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